

THE CONFLICT

ELIZABETH KNAUSS



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THE CONFLICT

A Narrative Based on the
Fundamentalist Movement



By
ELIZABETH KNAUSS

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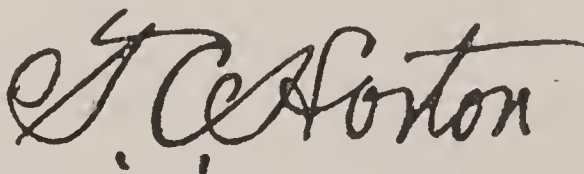
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INTRODUCTION

THE author of "The Conflict" has been impressed with the fact that the evolutionary teaching of so many schools and churches has had a paralyzing effect upon the consciences of the young people, which is manifested in the tendency to drift from the foundation of the Fathers of the Church, and has sought to help them back to a normal and practical Christian life through a story which holds the interest of the reader from the first page to its close. There is just enough of the romantic element—so attractive always to young and old—to hold the attention while the argument for an infallible Bible is conclusively presented.

We trust that this exceedingly readable book may find its way into the hands of very many of our young people, and thus help stem the tide of indifference and unbelief which now threatens to engulf both the church and the nation.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. C. Norton". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

Superintendent of the Bible Institute
of Los Angeles.

FOREWORD

FROM the depths of a personal experience has come the material which forms the background of "THE CONFLICT." As one of the State Conference Directors for the Christian Fundamentals Association of Iowa, the writer has had ample opportunity to study the conditions which prevail today throughout Christendom, and to observe the gulf which is rapidly widening between Fundamentalism and Modernism.

The time is fast approaching when it will be impossible for pastors to remain neutral, or to trifle with the issue as so many are doing today. The vast majority of the people in the pews are ignorant of the grave danger which is imperiling the church at the present time.

Realizing these facts, the writer was led of God to undertake a work of fiction, founded upon actual conditions existing today. People almost universally like to read a narrative, and it has been the purpose of the writer to produce a wholesome love-story, one which may be safely read by young and old alike.

No character in the book is true to life in every detail, but many of the outstanding experiences of the principal characters are taken from the lives of real folks, as for example, part of the life story of Dr. Paul Hadley. The writer has endeavored to avoid exaggeration; none of the incidents are overdrawn, where vital facts are concerned, even though fiction has been the medium used as far as the story itself goes,—for instance, the billiard and smoking room in the basement of Memorial Church is not a figment of the imagination, but is an actual fact in one of our American, (so-called) evangelical churches.

No particular denomination has been mentioned in any place throughout the book, but the conditions described can be applied to many of our denominational bodies today.

The chief object of "THE CONFLICT," then, is to present to the reader an accurate picture of the conditions which so universally exist. The writer has often been burdened because of the prevailing ignorance on the part of many Christians, and because of the desecration and the prostitution of the pulpit by men who are veritably "blind leaders of the blind."

If "THE CONFLICT," therefore, succeeds in reaching even a few of the multitudes of people in the pews, with the truth of actual conditions and if, perchance, some pastors may be awakened to their solemn responsibilities, the writer will feel that her work has not been in vain.

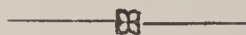
Elizabeth Knauss,

Davenport, Iowa.
April 1923

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THE CONFLICT



CHAPTER I

THE STATE CONFERENCE

The Annual State Conference of one of the large denominations was being held at Kalona. The little inland town, commercially prosperous, had determined to show the true spirit of Western hospitality to the arriving delegates. It looked to the local committee as though the attendance that year would break all records. Clergymen were arriving by every train, as well as by auto, and hotel clerks were commencing to turn away applicants who had not wired for reservations.

The Creston Hotel was full. Delegates were being sent to private homes where some would be entertained. The clerk at the desk turned to a man who had just come in:

"Sorry, sir. I thought we had one room left, but it has just been reserved."

The man addressed seemed annoyed. Inclined to having his own way, and having desired to stop at the Creston, Rev. Henry Vonnell considered this unfortunate. The biggest men of their Conference would undoubtedly stay here and it would have been to his advantage to have their fellowship during the next four days. The Conference had opened the day previous, but Von-

nell had been unable to attend the opening sessions. However, he must make the best of it—would the clerk suggest a decent hotel?

“The Kalona House is the only one I would recommend. I have just sent Dr. Jordan and his daughter there.” Vonnell quickly caught the name.

“Dr. Hugh Jordan, of Phillipsburg?” he questioned. The clerk nodded.

“I thought they had planned to stop here?”

“They had, but because Dr. Gates has his wife with him, and she preferred staying here, Dr. Jordan and his daughter offered them their rooms.”

Vonnell would have refused entertainment in the ordinary home. A clergyman of the modern type, he had ambitions and one of the best ways to further them was to associate with men like Dr. John Sheldon Gates and Dr. Jordan. Invariably they put up at the leading hotels.

He stood for a moment outside the Kalona. Compared with the Creston it was unimposing, but if Jordan was there that was an inducement.

Several men were ahead of him. There seemed to be a number of fairly good rooms left. As he stood waiting his turn he noticed a man sitting in one of the lobby chairs, reading. It was the suggestion of power about this man that attracted Vonnell rather forcibly. He wondered curiously who he was. Just then his turn came, and he was assigned to his room, fortunately a front one. He might have fared worse. Quite casually he nodded to one of the clergymen. Among the others were some strong preachers whose faces he recognized and whose acquaintance he was desirous of making. As

he went upstairs—there was no elevator—his recent annoyance vanished. The anticipation of a talk with Jordan thrilled him.

There was no old-fashioned nonsense about Vonnell. Standing for Modernism in the extreme sense, a man of the moment, not overscrupulous about compromise, ready to change his religious convictions according to the prevailing mode of the hour, he would always be popular.

Following the hotel boy, he reached the second floor and glanced toward a group of delegates who were seated in a room to the left, evidently the upstairs sitting room. One of the men came forward to greet him.

As they shook hands Vonnell said:

“Glad to see you, Courtney. I just got in. Had rather a hard time securing decent accommodations. I’ll join you immediately.” Dr. Ralph Courtney was the local resident pastor, and Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment.

Vonnell particularly wanted to interview him, for Courtney was one of the strong Modern men, noted for making an open fight against the new crowd of Fundamentalists who had recently organized themselves against those in authority. His denunciation of this organization had won for him the lasting friendship of the leading radicals all over the country. Vonnell recalled the scathing article Courtney had written the month previous for their national church paper, which had occasioned wide comment. Doubtless resolutions would be passed at this Conference barring all the Fundamentalists from their fellowship. Courtney had advocated this.

When he joined the group in the sitting-room, Court-

ney beckoned him. Over in an alcove by the window a lady was seated. As Vonnell approached, she stood up.

"I wonder if you know Miss Jordan, Mr. Vonnell?" Courtney was speaking, "I consider that we are favored in having Alice Jordan with us during this Conference."

So this was Miss Jordan! Vonnell just then considered it fortunate that he knew Courtney so well. They had at one time been pastors in the same town. He had read many Sunday School articles written by this young woman. In fact, who in their denomination had not? Seating themselves in this newly created intimacy, Vonnell keenly studied Miss Jordan. As the conversation progressed, his admiration increased.

A churchwoman to the finger tips, Alice Jordan readily held her own. Charming, intelligent, and withal distinctly womanly, she was perfectly at her ease among the clergy. Graduated from a leading Eastern college, a writer for several religious papers, one of the editors of the Sunday School Department for their own church periodical, she was a young woman exceptionally gifted. For generations back her people had been churchmen—her father, Dr. Jordan, being one of the most "liberal" men in the state.

Courtney turned to Vonnell:

"Just before you came in, we were discussing Dr. Paul Hadley. Miss Jordan seems to consider it very fortunate that we have him with us during this Conference. He is rather new in the state. Although I had heard of him, I never met him until today. He is Canadian by birth. Have you met him?"

Vonnell shook his head. "No, but I remember reading, a year or so ago, that his health had failed—or something to that effect. Is he stopping here?"

Alice Jordan leaned forward, her face eager and alight.

"Yes, he is here," she replied; "he was downstairs when we came in from lunch about an hour ago. It was not his health that failed, but his wife was an invalid, and for several years he did not preach. Father and I are enthusiastic about him, for he had a charge in the same town in Canada where father preached. Dr. Hadley is an orator, Mr. Vonnell. Able as father is, he always declared that he could not hold a candle to Paul Hadley. Of course I don't quite agree with him—I think they rank together. We are delighted to have him with us in the state at this time, for we consider that he will be a great help to us in fighting these Fundamentalists!" Her voice was suddenly scornful. Then she sank back with a little laugh.

"Father says that I allow myself to become too much agitated over their silly propaganda. He says *we* are the *real* Fundamentalists—but God knows I do not like to see our good old denomination being torn asunder by such nonsense. Besides, it is a bad thing for the non-church-going public when these controversies arise. Well, I believe that Paul Hadley will help to close the ranks."

As Vonnell studied the face of the young woman before him, full of fire and animation, and realized her staunch defense of denominationalism, he suddenly felt that he wanted to know her better. He was unmarried—what a splendid help she would be to any man in the ministry. Evidently she knew Paul Hadley quite well. He coveted just as loyal a friendship.

But Courtney was speaking. "For once I am inclined to agree with you, Miss Jordan," he said, rather gravely, "even against your father, far-sighted as he is. I too

think that many of our sensible clergy are apt to treat this matter of the Fundamentalist movement too lightly. I do not believe that they will ever drag back to their ranks our splendid group of sane, level-headed men and women, but there is always that simple class of people who are easily persuaded into the old Moody and Sankey type of religion. Care must be taken to educate these folks aright. Why cannot they see the folly of forever staying in the old ruts? They do not seem to realize that the religion of the Twentieth Century cannot possibly be the brand that was used in the First. It is absurd for preachers today to stress the old worn-out doctrines."

Miss Jordan nodded her approval, and her lip curled in contempt.

"Slaughter-house religion! Nothing more or less!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "Some of these agitators would put us back in the dark ages, if that were possible. How thankful I am for religious liberty, and for the right to interpret the Bible according to my convictions."

Vonnell—who was still looking at her, and agreeing with her fully—noticed the glad look that sprang to her eyes, as she arose. "Here comes father now," she said. And the next moment Vonnell was shaking hands cordially with Dr. Jordan. He had just come from a committee meeting. The first session of the afternoon would begin in twenty minutes, would they drive over in his car?

The pride of his religious ancestry was written all over Dr. Jordan, from the carriage of his fine, massive head, even down to his walk. People instinctively recognized his force and ability—a force that brooked no interference. A clergyman, writer and lecturer, he was

regarded as a leader and was much sought after. His church was always full; the wealthy, intelligent people of the city flocked to hear him, and were satisfied. For two years he had been in his present pastorate. Dr. Jordan knew the wisdom, not only of keeping abreast with the times himself, but of imparting that privilege to his congregation. As they occupied their cushioned pews each Sunday morning, they had no fears that their pastor would ever give them any uncomfortable moments. On Sunday evenings there was no sermon, but a gathering together of men and women in the popular Sunday Evening Club. Their journey heavenward was being eased with flowery sermons, together with expensive music, frequent moving pictures, and the discussion of poems and current literature.

Jordan turned to Vonnell as they went downstairs. "I want you to meet Paul Hadley," he said. "I understand that very few of our men have met him."

Vonnell had a sudden inspiration. "Where are you dining tonight, Dr. Jordan?" he asked. "If you have not made previous arrangements, I should be glad to have you and Miss Jordan and Dr. Courtney dine with me."

Jordan considered a moment. "Mrs. Courtney and the ladies of the church here are preparing supper for the delegates, I believe," he replied. "But perhaps we might accept your invitation, Mr. Vonnell. Alice shall decide for us."

Alice smiled, and nodded her thanks. "I was just about to suggest to father that we dine some place quietly by ourselves," she said. "And because Dr. Hadley is not well known here, I was considering an invitation

for him. You see, Mr. Vonnell, we feel rather responsible for him, because we know him so well."

Vonnell bowed quickly. "Include him in the party, of course, Miss Jordan. I shall be glad to have you ask him. After hearing so much about him I really am finding myself quite anxious to meet him."

Hadley had evidently gone to the church, for he was not in the lobby. As they drove away from the hotel to the church, eight blocks distant, they noticed groups of frock-coated clergy walking together, most of them already tagged with the purple bits of conference ribbon. Kalona was an up-to-date, progressive town, and at present the Conference spirit was in the air.

Vonnell fell to wondering about Paul Hadley. It must be a man of some marked ability who could stir a young woman like Alice Jordan to such keen enthusiasm. As the daughter of a prominent clergyman she had lived in the ecclesiastical atmosphere, and the acquaintance of an ordinary man would scarcely mean much to her.

Dr. Jordan and Courtney went forward with Vonnell while he registered, and for a moment Alice stood alone. Finally she caught a glimpse of the man for whom she was looking. He was talking with one of the younger clergymen, Rev. Kenneth Bascom.

People invariably glanced a second time at Paul Hadley. He could easily have been a leader in any profession. Strong and virile, his face reflecting the rugged strength of a determined character, immovable in purpose, he was a man not lightly to be dealt with. And as Alice Jordan watched him, she felt suddenly proud that she knew this man.

She had wondered often about those silent years when he had dropped from active connection with the work

of the church. The idea had several times occurred to her that he might be engaged in the writing of some textbook or other. His was a master mind. And what about Mrs. Hadley? Alice wondered if she were still the semi-invalid she had been for years. What a pity that the wife of such a man was not a healthy woman. But just then her father and Vonnell were making their way through the increasing crowd to where Dr. Hadley stood, and Alice joined them.

Dr. Jordan was speaking. "Dr. Hadley, I want you to meet Rev. Vonnell, one of the coming men of our denomination," and Vonnell found himself shaking hands with the man who had stirred his curiosity in the hotel lobby.

So this was Dr. Hadley. He could see a reason for Miss Jordan's interest, but as he studied the face of the man before him he felt himself growing puzzled. There was some story here. The expression was that of a man who had suffered, not so much in body as in soul. One of the secrets of Vonnell's successful ministry was that he had always been a judge of men.

There was no further opportunity for conversation then, for the Chairman of the Conference, Dr. Gates, was taking his place. The pews were rapidly filling, for many townspeople attended the sessions. The first hour was the period known as "Efficiency" hour. As they seated themselves, Miss Jordan managed to have Hadley on her right. She was down for a fifteen minute talk on Efficiency in Sunday School methods.

During the preliminaries, the calling for various reports, and the incidental details of a denominational conference, Vonnell noticed how intently Hadley studied the faces in the audience. Alice's attention was for the

moment on her paper, and Vonnell tried to fathom this man who had so recently come into their Conference. He had a presentiment that before the sessions closed, Hadley would make himself felt. Ordinarily he paid homage to intellect, but he gradually became conscious of a growing antagonism toward this man. The occasional compression of the man's lips, the quick flash of his eyes, somehow aroused his suspicions. If Hadley was aware of the other man's close scrutiny, he gave no sign.

Then Miss Jordan's paper was called. There had been a number of brief talks on efficiency along various lines of church work—Efficiency in promoting Brotherhood movements, Efficiency in the work of the Young People's Societies, Efficiency in Sacred Music—and the optimistic note was constantly sounded. Great progress was being made. The larger city churches were going out into the byways and hedges and compelling people to come in. The masses were being reached by new devices. There was less of the old type of dogmatic preaching, and more practical social service—less of the old Bible doctrines of heaven and hell, and more of the bright, joyous gospel of modern times. The clergy applauded whenever some new suggestion was presented. The old gospel—Miss Jordan especially emphasized this point—had failed to reach the young life of the nation.

“Let us be a joyful, happy organization, and we will draw our young people into the churches by the multitudes, instead of bringing them in one by one,” she said, in conclusion. “We cannot afford to be antiquated. Let us make the church as attractive as the ball room of the modern day, and we will have no young people's problem to contend with in our Sunday School and other organizations. We simply must modernize the

Twentieth Century Church if we would succeed. Many of our splendid pastors are falling into line, but a few still cling to the old harness."

"Let us give our young people a glad time in the church and they will not seek it elsewhere. We need to stand solid, with not a single pastor or official of our great denomination clinging to the old-fashioned, worn-out methods. United we stand, divided we fall! The preaching of blood atonement has been stressed too much! Let our watchword be 'Progress!' Then we shall see whole communities falling into line. Look at the havoc that is being wrought today by the self-styled Fundamentalists. They are proving a veritable menace to the Church of the Twentieth Century. My final appeal is for unity and co-operation from all!"

As she left the platform a storm of applause greeted her, and not until the next speaker had gone forward did the cheering quite cease. Vonnell caught the gleam of affection and pride in Dr. Jordan's eyes, as she took her seat. Perhaps it was just as well that he missed the expression on Hadley's face.

The closing address of the afternoon was given by Dr. Gates. He was one of the oldest men in the ministry of the state. While as an orator he did not hold equal rank with some of the younger men, yet he was a recognized leader, an able parliamentarian, and thoroughly at home in large assemblies. Gates' address was masterly—an able follow-up on the "Efficiency" papers of the afternoon. He spoke on the "Remarkable Opportunity of the Church."

The announcements were called for and Dr. Courtney, as local chairman, told of the succeeding services. Supper would be served in the church across the way,

at a very moderate sum. Any of the clergy from out of town who had not registered would please do so. There were still a number of homes open for free entertainment.

Seeing an opportunity for a few minutes' chat with Hadley, Alice turned to him. Her father was talking to Dr. Gates.

"Ever since I met you this noon, Dr. Hadley, I have wanted to ask you a number of things. Where have you been all these years, and how is Mrs. Hadley? I did not get the name of your present charge."

Only by a strong effort the man controlled himself. "Mrs. Hadley passed away two years ago, Miss Jordan. My little Janice is now motherless. For the past seven months I have been pastor of a church at Storm Lake."

Alice uttered a shocked exclamation. But after all, why should it surprise her? Mrs. Hadley's poor health had always been a source of keen solicitation to all Hadley's parishioners—a nervous condition which had prevented the membership of his congregation from even calling upon her. There had been the rumor of a shock which she had received some years previous.

With a gesture of genuine sympathy she held out her hand. Something about the quiet, controlled grief of the man prevented her from questioning him further just then. He told her that a distant cousin of his, a Mrs. Ralston, was keeping house for himself and Janice. They saw Dr. Gates approaching. Some problem had arisen which they had been discussing.

"We are in a quandary, Mr. Hadley," explained Dr. Jordan. "There is an important meeting to be held tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, Dr. Gates tells me, a meeting between two committees representing Capital

and Labor, and they have sent a request to the Conference Committee that one of our men give them an address. They have picked upon me. This is rather unfortunate, as I am down for the first talk at the Ministerial Forum tomorrow at nine, but Gates is immovable."

Alice, seeing the opportunity, turned quickly to her father: "Your duty is evidently clear, father. Why not let Dr. Hadley take your place at the Forum? Many of our men will be glad to hear him. And they will have a chance to hear you at the closing session. I have been wondering how the people here might have an opportunity to hear Dr. Hadley."

Jordan laughed and turned to Gates. No one noticed the quick flash in Hadley's eyes, for it died instantly. "Now wasn't that spoken like a general?" he asked. "Just leave it to Alice to fall in with her father's plans. Of course it is the only thing to do. I'm not even consulting you, Hadley. I take it for granted that you will fill the breach. My only regret is that I'll not be able to hear you. Gates here has consented to let me off providing you fill my place."

So far Hadley had said nothing. Alice stood, keenly awaiting his reply.

"I want to thank you for this invitation," he said. "As I understand it the speaker chooses his own subject, and is allowed a half hour?"

"Yes," Gates replied, "it is an open Forum, commencing at eight-thirty and running until ten. The first half hour is a question box, for interchange of thought mutually helpful to the clergy. Then from nine till ten there are two speakers. During the five days of the Conference, therefore, it is possible for ten of our ablest

pastors to show what they can do. I consider it one of the most helpful periods of the entire Conference. You select your own subject and, from what Dr. Jordan tells me, we may expect something exceedingly worth while."

Alice looked at Hadley rather ruefully. "I tell father that I do not think it is right that the women should be excluded. I wish they admitted all who were interested. They ought to change that ruling. But then, I suppose, even the clergy like their own secret sessions at times. After all, I come in for a lot of good things in life that other women miss—but I do wish I might hear your talk tomorrow, Dr. Hadley."

Dr. Gates laughed. "Sometimes when we get into a heated discussion it might not be so pleasant, Miss Jordan," he said. "Often we thrash out problems at the Forum that involve all the clergy. Be thankful when you are well off. But perhaps we can slip Dr. Hadley in on the general program before the Conference closes."

When Hadley spoke again he looked directly at Gates. They never forgot his reply. "I shall try to deliver a message tomorrow that those who hear me will remember always, God helping me. It is a long time since I have felt that anything was so definitely of the Lord." His words seemed charged with power. In the days to come his listeners had good cause to recall them.

As Alice Jordan heard him, she felt that some new force had entered the life of this man—a force he had not possessed even when he had been at the height of his successful ministry. Now they were giving him the opportunity to regain the prestige that had so evidently been sacrificed on account of Mrs. Hadley's poor health. She wanted to know many things. There still remained

three days of Conference association together, and she registered a determination to make the most of this time. While they must allow him some time to mingle with the clergy, nevertheless she and her father were his friends and they would not let him forget that fact. Just then Alice saw Mrs. Gates approaching, and the talk became general.

As they drove back to the hotel. Alice was glad that her father had Paul Hadley with him in the front seat. It gave her a further opportunity to study him. Also, she wanted to have a few minutes' comparative quiet.

She wondered about Storm Lake. It must be a little community tucked away in some corner of the state, for she had never even heard of the place. Rather a musical sound, the name, but hardly the pastorate for a man like Dr. Hadley. Well, after tomorrow's Forum there could be no question about a decent appointment for such a man. He would easily make a place for himself in this state as he had done in Canada.

At the hotel they separated for an hour's rest before dinner. Vonnell and Courtney would join them at six, Jordan said. Alice went to her room. A number of the clergymen spoke a word of greeting to her as she went up. Her talk of the afternoon had stirred their hearts. It was not every minister who had a daughter such as this—Dr. Jordan was fortunate that he had such a companion. One or two glanced rather curiously at Hadley, and envied him his association with the Jordans. Who was he, anyhow?

As the head of her father's home since her mother's death a number of years before, and a leader in all their local church work, Alice Jordan's time was completely filled. Devotion to her father came first; loyalty to her

denomination was second. And yet, her life had lacked completeness. She had the natural craving for a home and a life of her own. But it would have to be in the sphere in which she had lived her life thus far—an outside element would have been foreign to her.

She thought only of Paul Hadley as she dressed that night for dinner, and found herself wondering if he thought of her.

After leaving the church, Vonnell had gone to the Creston Hotel to reserve places for five at dinner. Then he went for a brief walk about the town. Somehow the thought of a ride back to the hotel in the same car with Hadley and Miss Jordan together had not appealed to him. He tried to be fair, but he could not rid himself of the feeling that had grown upon him since his meeting with Hadley.

People who knew Vonnell at times declared that his apt reading of men and women amounted almost to clairvoyance. He did not altogether trust this man who had come among them. Of course Jordan and his daughter vouched for him—Vonnell admitted this fact even while he remained on his guard. Well, he would watch. He could not doubt Alice's interest in Hadley, and at the same time his own interest was growing keen. How very attractive she was! Finally he pulled out his watch; he must return to the hotel, although he was in no very cheerful frame of mind. The hour at dinner would only serve as a further opportunity for Paul Hadley and Alice Jordan. Confound his luck! Well, he must make the best of it, and watch his opportunity.

Fortune favored him, for, as he went into the hotel and upstairs, he saw Miss Jordan in the sitting room, dressed and waiting for her father. After a hasty toilet,

he seized the opportunity and joined her. She was gowned with artistic simplicity, and exceedingly gracious. Of course he realized the particular cause—it was the anticipation of meeting Hadley. But he responded to her mood, and in the brief ten minutes before her father arrived, had made an impression. Alice liked men of his pronounced type.

Vonnell had not been informed that Hadley was scheduled to take Dr. Jordan's place the day following at the Forum. He learned the fact, however, at dinner. They had been discussing a number of important topics, and Vonnell had observed sharply the reserve in all that Hadley said. The impression grew upon him that here was an unusually clever man. Finally Dr. Jordan turned to Hadley.

"Have you decided upon your subject for the morning?" he questioned. Courtney, who was much impressed with Hadley, awaited his reply rather expectantly. After an imperceptible pause, Hadley spoke.

"I should like to reserve the right to withhold my subject, Dr. Jordan. I know what I expect to talk about, of course, but I really have not given it a name. It will have to do with one of the leading questions of the present Conference."

Jordan laughed genially, and tapped him on the shoulder. "Go to it, my boy, choose your own subject. Whatever it is, I shall bank on your ability to handle it."

With an inward protest Vonnell heard, but he dared say nothing. However, he found all his doubts of the afternoon rushing over him like a flood.

CHAPTER II

THE CAMP OF THE MODERNISTS

The next morning Vonnell awoke with a sense of something unusual impending. It seemed strange to him that so many of their brilliant men should fall for Hadley. Undoubtedly the man was capable, but why had a genius of his caliber so completely hidden himself from the public view for a number of years, and just at the age when most men are in their prime? He shook his head. Well, they would see what a morning would bring forth.

While he sat at breakfast alone, Courtney looked in. With a sudden inspiration Vonnell beckoned him. Here was someone to whom he could recount his misgivings. Courtney sat down, and opportunely started the conversation. It seemed that Vonnell was not the only one whose thoughts centered upon Paul Hadley.

"Jordan and I had a talk last night," he began. "I am convinced that we have cause to be thankful for Hadley's presence among us. He impresses all who have met him as being out of the ordinary, not so much by what he says, as by his suggestion of deep reserve. I confess I am keen on hearing him this morning."

Vonnell, to the other's surprise, shook his head. "I'm sorry, Courtney," he said in an undertone, "but I cannot see him as you do. Somehow I've mistrusted him since we met yesterday."

Courtney protested. "Why, my dear Vonnell, what do you mean? Have you known Dr. Hadley before?"

"No, but in spite of myself doubts will arise. I cannot help the feeling that he does not stand with us. I know absolutely nothing about the man. But your very suggestion only adds to my convictions. You admit that he says little. That's the point. *Why* is he so reserved? I've always preferred men who are out in the open with everything. Of course he is unusual. But just the same, I am afraid that my fears will be confirmed."

At first Courtney laughed, then he grew rather grave. "I know you are usually right in your deductions, Vonnell," he admitted, after a moment's thought, "and for that reason I should be inclined to pay heed to what you have just said, were it not for the fact that Jordan and his daughter know him, and Jordan's word goes far among the clergy. I believe in your sincerity, Vonnell, and yet I am sure you are mistaken."

Then he looked at his watch. "Almost eight; I must step over to the Creston and talk to Gates," he said. "By the way, I want to see you later about a good opening at Brandon, Vonnell. There would be a decided advancement for you from your present charge. They need a man of your type in that growing town, and you would appeal to the people. They are dissatisfied with their present pastor because he persists in remaining in the old ruts. But set your mind at rest about Hadley. Come over and hear him for yourself."

Vonnell saw the uselessness of further comment, but remained unconvinced. As he stepped outside the hotel, he noticed the Jordan car coming up. Dr. Jordan and Alice had been for an early spin into the country. The young woman's cheeks were glowing and she looked as though she had enjoyed the sharp wind of the April morning. Noticing Vonnell, they beckoned him. Alice

was at the wheel, and presented a lovely picture, her little riding hat tilted at a becoming angle.

"We have had the best trip out into this lovely country, Mr. Vonnell," she said. "At home we often take early trips in the morning, especially in the spring. Now if you will get in we will drive you to the church, then I'll take father to his appointment. After that, I expect to have a great time until the ten o'clock session." She laughed up at her father, who nodded, as Vonnell took his seat.

Dr. Jordan enlightened him. "Know what kind of a time she's going to have? We passed a group of children down in the poorer section of town. Alice insisted on driving around that way. I tell her she was just hunting for them. Well, her conception of a great time is to take those little tykes for a ride into the country. Great for the kids, isn't it, Vonnell? Social service is one of my daughter's hobbies." Vonnell's eyes expressed his approval.

"That's what we need, Miss Jordan," he returned, emphatically. "More of the practical side of Christianity, and less dogma. I can picture the enjoyment of those youngsters. Somehow I'd like to be one myself for a couple of hours this morning." Alice laughed.

They reached the church, and she then drove on to the club, where the committee meeting was to be held, and where Dr. Jordan had been asked to try to adjust matters between two very determined factions. He would advocate the practice of the Golden Rule. Dr. Gates knew that in the entire state there was no clergyman called upon more often to intervene in matters of this kind. Settlement of labor disputes had much to do with the ultimate bringing in of the Kingdom of

Universal Righteousness. The cause of Peace was always advanced by declaring the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount. Such disputes were lamentable, and men and women must be brought to see that as soon as Capital and Labor shook hands, half the battle would be won, and a long stride would be taken toward the establishment of a Universal Brotherhood. Alice completely shared her father's views. Dr. Jordan often said that a conference with his daughter over some vexing problem was better than a tonic.

Even in that early month of April the country was delightful, and as the enraptured children climbed into the big touring car, nine of them in all, Alice felt fully repaid. She had easily secured the consent of the mothers, and amid much joyous laughter they were off. Some of the children had never been in a car before. Altogether it was a morning long to be remembered.

Alice talked kindly with the children. She discovered that several of them had keen little minds. Only one or two of them went to Sunday School. Their parents, for the most part, never went to church. Mentally she resolved that she would speak to Dr. Courtney about them. They must be won for the church.

It was not quite ten o'clock when they drove back into Kalona. After depositing the children in front of their homes, and receiving the grateful thanks of the mothers, she drove back toward the hotel, passing the church on the way. She would have time to remove some of the country dust and change into clean things, but she must hurry. Only for a moment did she draw up at the church, wondering if she might catch a glimpse of Hadley, and whether her father had come from his appointment. Her wrist watch told her it was ten

o'clock—she would be late as it was, in getting back to the church.

Then she noticed three clergymen standing on the church steps, men whom she knew only by sight. Evidently something had occurred to stir them greatly. Two of them seemed very angry. Alice wondered, in a puzzled way, what the discussion was about. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her. The Jordan car was only one of a number of others that were pulling up in front of the church just then. People were beginning to arrive for the morning sessions. She was just in the act of driving off, when her attention was arrested by something they were saying.

"It is absolutely preposterous! That man has done more harm during this morning hour than anybody realizes!" One of the others gave an angry laugh.

"Harm! That's putting it mild! What a colossal blunder for Jordan to make! I gave him credit for far-sightedness! There is no telling what this may lead to!"

Her cheeks crimson by this time, Alice Jordan waited to hear no more. What on earth were these men talking about? She was completely at sea. Her father! "A colossal blunder!" She could not understand it. For a moment, as she drove away, unconsciously, her indignation almost got the better of her. It was impossible, absolutely so, for *her father* to make a blunder of any serious moment. Even in this trying moment her loyalty to him was supreme, outweighing everything else.

She expected to find her father at the hotel, but he had not returned, the clerk told her. In her heart she was furious with these men for daring to talk so openly about him. Not for a moment would she entertain the suggestion that he *could* act unwisely. If things had not

turned out right at the committee meeting, where Capital and Labor were at swords' points, it was not his fault. There must be some terrible misunderstanding.

Her first impulse was to drive immediately back to the church, but she must first arrange her hair, and put on another dress. She could think of no solution—her mind was in a tumult. All she wanted just then was to see her father, and assure him of her loyalty. The tears were very near the surface. She had never known anything like this to happen before. Even Hadley, the man who had been uppermost in her thoughts since yesterday, was forgotten.

She had gone downstairs, and was about to leave word at the desk that she had gone back to the church, if her father came in, when she saw Henry Vonnell coming in at the door. With troubled eyes, she went toward him. Just now she felt that she wanted to speak with someone who was a friend of her father's. Her heart sank, as she noted the expression on Vonnell's face. It was similar to that she had observed on the faces of the men at the church. She beckoned him to an alcove on the right.

"Tell me, Mr. Vonnell, do you know where father is. Oh, *you* would not be unfair enough to accuse him of making a 'colossal blunder!' I'm sure of that. Did anything go wrong at the committee meeting? Have you heard? Some of the clergymen were discussing father outrageously at the church when I drove by. Why, father always uses tact!"

Vonnell had just come from the Forum, and he wondered how he should tell her. At least he could relieve her mind of a misapprehension. She was wrong in her surmise of what had actually taken place. Instinctively

he realized his opportunity. The trouble was grave enough, and Dr. Jordan was not entirely blameless in the matter, but Vonnell felt that whatever he said, in recounting to her what had happened, he must not be the one to place the blame upon her father. If he used tact he might go far this morning in gaining favor for himself. He decided quickly.

"Miss Jordan," he said, "I came from the church thinking I might find you here; hoping it, in fact. But I am sorry you heard what you did, and not enough more to give you any idea of the truth. You think there was trouble at the committee meeting. You are mistaken. I doubt if Dr. Jordan has even left that meeting as yet. Set your mind at rest on that point. If you like, we can go upstairs where we will be more alone. I can tell you what those men were talking about. They think that your father was to blame for something which occurred this morning at the Forum. But I know Dr. Jordan, and I cannot see why they should consider him entirely responsible for something which another man did. Your father acted in sincerity, but all of us are mistaken at times."

He consulted his watch. "The ten o'clock session has already commenced, and as they are having reports during the first hour, perhaps we had better wait until the eleven o'clock address. This would give us time to talk this matter over. I am sure you will not be satisfied until you hear what took place."

She thanked him for his loyal defense of her father. Yes, she would like to hear what had happened, and with a sense of keen satisfaction, despite the story he had to tell, Vonnell followed her upstairs.

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Just across the hall from Vonnell's room at the Kalona House, Paul Hadley had arisen early that morning. He had gone to his room the night before, after his talk with Courtney, and opening his Bible in a very agony of soul, had dropped to his knees, wrestling and praying for several hours before he retired. Then he grew calmer and finally had the assurance of victory.

In his own mind there was no question as to his subject for the morning Forum, but it seemed as though all the demons in existence were besieging his very soul as he prayed. The forces of evil were mighty, but the God he served was Almighty. He realized the great opportunity that lay before him on the morrow, and he dared not stand before the body of clergymen without the consciousness that every word he uttered would be inspired by the Spirit of the living God. He knew from past bitter experience how utterly powerless was the oratorical effort of man to reach hearts with the truth, unless the effort were backed up by the influence of the Spirit. Men on the morrow might fight his message, but, come what would, he must be true to the trust committed to him. Although most of the clergymen prepared a paper, he had none. He had had enough of that in other days. He wanted nothing except the consciousness, during his brief half hour in the morning, that every utterance would tell for time and eternity.

He did not go down to breakfast, for he felt no hunger. Knowing that the clergymen breakfasted about seven-thirty, he left the hotel at this time, taking a brief walk then going directly to the church. Only one man was ahead of him, Mr. Bascom, with whom Hadley had talked on the previous day.

Instinctively Hadley liked him—a keen, boyish look-

ing fellow, one of the few men in their Conference who had taken his course of training, not at a university, but at a Bible Training School. His church was in a small city, Central Falls, perhaps fifty miles distant from Storm Lake. Evangelistic in spirit, he was just now at a crisis in his life. Having been educated in the atmosphere of old-type evangelism, he had emerged into the world of the clergy only to find that a revolution was taking place and that a man was classed as a foggy, or a moss-back, if he did not stand with the progressives. Many times had he been sorely puzzled, and his several brief talks with Hadley had been an inspiration to him. Something about the older man suggested unusual force of character.

Bascom asked his advice on a number of things. Then he questioned him about Storm Lake. Hadley answered him briefly—it was just a small town, rather a quaint community, having a struggling church, with a congregation of members keen and eager for the truth.

Then, as others began to come in, he added in a lowered voice: "Bascom, I like you. If ever you are near us, we shall be glad to welcome you. Storm Lake is not so far from Central Falls. I am glad that you will hear what I have to say this morning. I have not felt led to tell the members of this Conference what my subject is; in fact, I have no name for it. But with God's help, I shall try to show some of the younger men like yourself where you stand. I don't expect to make any impression on men like Courtney or Gates. I left Storm Lake to attend this Conference, not knowing that such an opportunity would present itself. If they knew the gist of my talk this morning, they would have asked any other man to fill Dr. Jordan's place, rather than me. Men will probably say after the Forum that I have taken

advantage. I cannot help it. It is the only chance I shall have. I am accountable to God for the use I make of my opportunity this morning. I shall leave this afternoon for Storm Lake—my mission will be accomplished, and my people need me.”

Bascom, moved by this frank disclosure, held out his hand. “I thank you for the confidence you have placed in me,” he said, with sincerity, “and my desire is that I may always prove worthy of it. I want to keep in touch with you. This Conference will mark the beginning of a more definite ministry in my life; I feel certain of that. Whatever your subject for this morning, I’ll bank on its being the real stuff. Count upon my prayers while you are at it. You may expect me in Storm Lake almost any time—wife and I often take summer trips.”

Further conversation became impossible, for the room was rapidly filling. The Forum was conducted in the large Sunday School room. This left the main auditorium open for early arrivals at the regular sessions. The room seated perhaps three hundred—over two hundred clergymen were attending the present Conference. Hadley had been invited to the platform, and during the half hour’s discussion he studied the faces of the men before him. They looked at him rather curiously, for there had been a good deal of comment about this newcomer to the state. Vonnell had that morning confided his fears to one other, but the majority took him on faith.

Gates finally stood to introduce him. After a flattering reference to Dr. Jordan’s former acquaintance with him, Hadley was given the floor. It struck several of them as somewhat unusual that he had no prepared outline. If this man could dispense with one, and still give a masterly address, he was indeed exceptional.

CHAPTER III

THE MINISTERIAL FORUM

For a moment he stood before them in silence. Then in brief acknowledgment of Gates' introduction he bowed to him, and faced again the one hundred and fifty men assembled before him. Into his eyes had come the light of battle, the consciousness of an Unseen Power.

"With a heart that is heavy, yet hopeful, I stand before you today. When I left home to attend this Conference I asked God for an opportunity to publicly make a confession and deliver a message that has been burning within me. I am so little known in this state that I hardly expected such a privilege as this, but God answered my prayer when Dr. Jordan asked me to substitute for him.

"The Church of Christ is facing a greater crisis than at any time since the Arian controversy in the fourth century. We are in the midst of an irreconcilable conflict. We have to choose, not between two phases of Christianity or types of piety, but between Christianity and infidelity. In this case, however, infidelity is entrenched within the church, masquerading under Christian phraseology. Arguments that formerly were hurled against the faith by its avowed enemies from the outside are now advanced by its professed friends on the inside. The issue is between naturalism and supernaturalism. Are the miracles recorded in the Scriptures facts or fables? Is sin a reality or a delusion, a lapse or a 'fall upward'? Is Christ the Son of God or the son of Joseph? Is the Bible the Word of God or the product

of human genius? Is God a person or a principle? Are we saved by faith or by reason? Is Christianity the one unique, true and only religion, or is it merely one of a number of world religions that have been developed to meet the needs of different peoples?

"There is no neutral ground. We have no alternative. Our answer to these questions places us upon one side or the other of a line of cleavage that runs through the great denominations of the day. One answer proclaims our loyalty to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The other answer convicts us of high treason before the bar of heaven.

"Oh, my brethren, I plead with you in the name of the God Whom our fathers worshiped and to Whom our mothers prayed, to repudiate the subtle poison of modern rationalism and to purge press and school and pulpit of this God-dishonoring and soul-destroying error.

"When Dr. Jordan and I were pastors in the same town I preached as some of you preach today. I believed and taught an up-to-date program of salvation by good works and character. I had won for myself a reputation that men called enviable, but I was preaching the social Gospel, scoffing at the emphasis a few old-time preachers were placing on the preaching of the cross. I thought that I was right but God knows how tremendously wrong I was! I have paid in the very agony of my soul for the folly of such a ministry. With shame and humility I make this confession, but with a deep sense of gratitude I tell you that God in His loving grace has brought me to Himself and to faith in His blessed Word.

"For years I fed my people on husks instead of the Living Word. I boasted of my progress but it was

progress toward hell. Oh, God knows how guilty I was as He also knows how guilty some in our denomination are today. When men, educated and ordained by a church that from its inception has held to certain fundamental doctrines, depart from those beliefs and assail the very foundations of that church, a sense of true propriety and common honesty should impel those men to withdraw from the church. In the business world men who do not believe in the goods they sell or who misrepresent the firm for which they work would be called frauds, and laws are enacted to punish such individuals.

"I have sat in the sessions of this Conference and with a heavy heart listened to men, and women too, scoff at the Deity of our Lord, at the Atonement and other vital doctrines of our Church and Christianity. God's Word says that 'He that believeth not is condemned already,' and 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema,' and I have wondered if I am in a Christian Conference or in a gathering of highly cultured pagans."

"Mr. Chairman, I protest!"

A man in the center of the room leaped angrily to his feet. A chair was noisily pushed back, and Henry Vonnell, his arm extended, glared at Hadley. Instantly confusion ensued. Hadley stood still, his composure perfect, his hand, holding the Bible, resting on the table at his side. He had been expecting this, but the battle was the Lord's.

Voices were heard all over the room, a few men attempting to defend Hadley, but these were drowned by his opponents. Dr. Gates stood up, vainly endeavoring to restore order. During Hadley's talk he had given

signs of growing uneasiness. But had he, after all, the right to interfere and stop this man, even though affairs had taken such a turn? Whatever had possessed Jordan to make so tremendous a mistake?

A few of the clergy were demanding that Hadley be allowed to proceed, several of them who still stood for the preaching of sound doctrine, silently thanking God for this man's fearlessness. But the majority wanted him silenced and the situation was rapidly getting beyond the control of even Gates, when suddenly, in decisive tones, a voice spoke from the rear—the voice of one with authority. All faces turned toward the clergyman who had arisen, and who was making his way down the center aisle—on his face an expression amounting to sternness. He raised his hand in command, and instantly there was silence.

“For shame, men and brethren! This exhibition is surely disgraceful! Are we not forgetting the injunction that all things should be done decently and in order? I am ashamed to be in a gathering of this sort. Dr. Gates,” turning to the chairman, “with your permission I want the privilege of a word.” Gates, much relieved, nodded his consent. Dr. Leonard Craig, who had come forward so opportunely, was a clergyman not to be ignored.

“As I understand it, men, this is an *open* Forum. The speaker of the moment, Dr. Hadley, was invited to take this half hour and the privilege was given him, as it is given to others, to select his own subject. He has done so, and stands upon his rights in bringing you any message he may have upon his heart. From what I have heard so far, I do not doubt his sincerity, although I cannot say I agree with his views. But I would be

ashamed to hold any convictions which could be so easily shaken that I could not listen to one who believes differently.

“Are we not acting like a company of unruly school children when we allow our emotions to get the better of us in this unChristian manner? Even though I have not personally met Dr. Hadley, yet, as an evidence of my faith in him, I now shake hands with him publicly, and to further prove my interest, and my desire to hear all he has to say, I shall step aside during the last half hour of this morning session, which was to have been my period, in order that he may have ample time to finish his address. Dr. Hadley,” he turned and grasped the other’s hand, “I congratulate you upon your courage. Very few men would have dared this.” With a nod to Gates he returned to his seat. In an unexpected manner God had raised up a standard against the enemy.

Craig’s had been a crisp, final decision, and the audience permitted itself to be swayed back to normal. Hadley, much moved by this unexpected demonstration, merely acknowledged Craig’s intervention with a characteristic word. But he had gained a friend. There would be no further interruptions—even Vonnell realized the futility of opposition. It was too late now.

“I love our great church and thank God for all He has done through her, and I desire to see peace within her walls, but there are some things of greater value than peace. If we have hearts for the Lord, if our blood runs loyal to Him, if sound convictions grip our souls and if a compassion for a lost world lays hold upon us, then we must take a firm stand against error, though propagated by those we love; thus obeying God’s com-

mand to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.'

"The rationalists in our ranks are attempting to hold by force the position they have taken. Their own leaders publicly stated that if the Fundamentalists objected to the Liberalists they could get out of the church. Honest and earnest men who hold the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the historic faith of the church and the standards of our own denomination, will never submit to a God-dishonoring and Christ-crucifying compromise or to a state of cringing submission to the rationalist.

"Men, we must be definite. What is there to gain by a vague, hazy position? Now is the time for the ministry to take a clear, definite stand. The conflict is on! If we believe that the Bible is the very Word of God, if we believe that Jesus Christ is very God of very God, if we believe in the finished work accomplished on Calvary, let us say so in definite, plain terms and let us take an immovable position! Such a faith is our heritage and we must be true to it. Such a faith is our trust and we must not be recreant to it. We must with Chrysostom say, 'A whole Christ for my salvation and a whole Bible for my guide.'

"Let those who do not so believe say so in unmistakable language, so that the saints of God everywhere may know in whom to trust. Such men would win the respect of those within and without the church if they thus clearly expressed themselves and then, like honest men, withdrew to an organization of their own.

"To what lengths have we come? We have men trained in our schools at the expense of devout saints of God, who in their simplicity and ignorance of the facts believe sincerely that God is being honored by their

gifts in making these so-called Christian schools possible; where the teachers not only deny the Lord who bought them and the Bible to which they owe all the blessings of American civilization and liberty, but actually glory in such denials! If the tenets of Modernism are true then let us be honest enough to step out of the church into the world and earn our living in some profession or trade. If Modernism is not true, let us unite heart and soul under God to defeat it!

“I was educated in a University founded by godly men who dedicated that institution to the furtherance of evangelical faith. When I entered there I had faith in this old Book (holding up the Bible); when I came out I was an infidel. My experience is not unique—countless numbers of young men and women have had and, in increasing numbers are having, that same tragic experience. Much of the damnable heresy found in our churches today may be traced to our schools. Will the trustees of these schools do the honorable thing and demand the resignation of all infidel professors and the installation of true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ?

“It has often been said, and truly, ‘Orthodox people establish institutions and the Liberalists capture them and frustrate the intention of the givers.’ Where is the sturdy honesty of our Pilgrim forefathers? What has happened to the morals of the ministry? I call upon you to protest against the debauchery of our schools and the desecration of our churches before God Almighty shall move in judgment against us! We cannot be pacifists, though we value peace. The issues at stake are too great. This is a fight with sin and the devil, with our Lord’s honor and glory, the future of nations, and the destinies

of the undying souls of men involved. The church has always had her enemies, but until a few years ago the attacks came from without by leaders of the type of Voltaire, Paine and, later, Ingersoll; but today the attacks come from within by Christian ministers who out-Ingersoll Ingersoll.

“To remain silent in such a crisis is treason to our Lord and treason to precious souls. The church is not a school of philosophy where men may exchange opinions, but the custodian of a sacred trust. A man may have the right to speculate with his personal money, but no trustee of a trust fund has a right to speculate with that fund.

“The conflict is not between individuals, but between basic Christianity and infidelity — between God and Satan — though, of course, in the very nature of the case individuals will be involved.

“The mighty Apostle Paul, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, wrote to the Galatians, ‘But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than we have preached unto you, *let him be accursed*’; and to Titus he wrote that an elder must hold fast the Word of God, ‘that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and convince the gainsayers, for there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, teaching things they ought not, for filthy lucre’s sake’; while the beloved disciple John wrote ‘Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God; if any come unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed: for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds.’

“Let us take a definite stand with the saints of all ages against sin, hypocrisy and error. The clarion call of God comes to us today, ‘Who is on the Lord’s side?’ Will you join me in replying, ‘Here am I’? Then, like good soldiers of the Cross, we will go forward, in the strength of the Lord and the power of His might, to conquer until shall take place the event for which the Church of God awaits—the blessed return of our Lord.” As he paused for a moment, someone in a side seat shifted in disgust, and muttered, “A premillennialist, of all things!”

It was not difficult to tell where his audience stood, but to everything around him he was supremely indifferent. His time was nearly up. Craig’s scathing comment had been effectual enough to prevent a second outburst, but several men had left the room. He knew from the expression on some faces that a number stood with him. Faithful was He who had called him, who also would perform the good work to the end.

“One of the greatest movements of modern times, perhaps the greatest since the Reformation, is now in progress. It has taken into its fellowship believers of all evangelical denominations in both Great Britain and America and has spread to the foreign lands, for a great host of missionaries from all the Foreign Boards are now associated with it. I refer to the Fundamental movement. It is not in all places called by that particular name, but the intent and purpose is everywhere the same. This movement has more than once been sneered at by the members of this conference. Do not lightly esteem it! Godly men and women all over Christendom, who believe in the inerrancy of the Bible, minimizing the minor differences in interpretation, in gov-

ernment and ritual, are standing unitedly for the great fundamentals of our faith.

“I realize from your remarks, that a number of you consider them only a group of insignificant cowards huddling together, cherishing a forlorn hope, but they are the salt of the earth and the hope of the church. The movement must succeed for the Fundamentalists are men and women of prayer; it must succeed, for it honors God’s Holy Word and God’s Holy Son; it must succeed, for it is of the Holy Spirit. It is ‘Fundamentalism’ vs. ‘Modernism’!

“Men, if you love the One who died for you, get behind this movement! This may lead to separation—this may seem reactionary—division *may* follow — but I am not alarmed, for division is better than sin and error. ‘This is a hard saying; who can hear it?’ said certain of our Lord’s disciples concerning some of His teachings, and we read ‘from that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him,’ yet who would dare question the wisdom of our Lord in giving them the truth? There was a necessary and righteous division when the Protestant Church separated from the corrupt Papacy. Truth and error, virtue and vice cannot dwell together! God and all heaven rejoice when men dare stand in the presence of brazen infidelity enthroned in the sanctuary and protest against it. Will you make glad the heart of Christ by so doing? You may not get large pastorates—the leaders may excommunicate you, but you will have the sweet consciousness of God’s approval! If the Lord be God, FOLLOW HIM!”

The only sound in the room, as Hadley finished and took his seat, was the ticking of the big clock over the platform. Then Gates, without comment, briefly closed

the session. One or two men approached Hadley, before leaving the room, to press his hand in silence. Words were unnecessary. His opponents immediately went out, in groups of twos and threes. Dr. Craig came forward. Hadley noticed that he was visibly moved.

"That was magnificent, Dr. Hadley," he said, briefly, "the way in which you withstood the lions of this conference. Some of them were angry enough to want to tear you in pieces. 'Almost thou persuadest me,' Paul Hadley."

Hadley put his hand on the other man's shoulder. Craig was a large man, towering above him.

"Dr. Craig," he replied earnestly, "think of what it would mean for the cause of truth if you returned to the faith of your fathers. I somehow believe that you will. Thank you again, for your assistance this morning. I realize what I have done, but I have no regrets. I trust in a higher power than Denominationalism. God help you to see the truth, Dr. Craig."

Without a word, but with a pressure of the hand that had more than formality behind it, the two men parted.

In the sitting-room at the Kalona House, Henry Vonnell was detailing the events of the morning, telling of Paul Hadley's striking message, to the young woman who listened with growing consternation. It was a most unfortunate affair, of course. Men like Courtney and himself could withstand such an onslaught, but there were many young men in the conference, some of them just having entered the ministry, and he knew that a number of these had been halting between two opinions.

Finally Alice Jordan interrupted him, as she sprang to her feet. The room was empty, except for themselves.

"Why, Mr. Vonnell, this is almost unbelievable!" she cried, as she faced him. "If I had heard this account from some less reliable source, I should discredit the whole thing. Dr. Hadley a traitor to our denomination! Oh, if this were some other man I could believe it more readily, but Paul Hadley! How could he spoil his career, his brilliant future, in such an unheard of fashion?"

She had pressed her hands together, unconscious of how much her words betrayed. Jealously the man caught the note of real pain in her voice. He must use the utmost tact in talking with her. She walked over to the window, and looked out unseeingly.

But she was thoroughly the daughter of Dr. Jordan. Only for a moment did she remain there. Gaining momentary control of herself, she returned to her seat.

"You must forgive this outburst, Mr. Vonnell." He nodded gently. "Father and I had placed so much confidence in Paul Hadley. This will be as much a blow to him as it has been to me. Poor father! Would there be any way to turn Dr. Hadley from this madness, and bring him to his senses?"

Vonnell shook his head. "I am afraid not, Miss Jordan. He surely kept his word to your father, made last night at the dinner table, that what he said would be uttered with no uncertain sound. The man is an orator, that's the trouble. A less brilliant man would not have made the impression he did, and therefore would have wrought less harm. I had my doubts about him from the moment we met yesterday."

He saw the effort she was making to speak naturally.

"Then that settles matters. He is one of the extremists and must be treated as such." Her voice was uncon-

sciously gaining in scorn. "Men of that sort will have to learn what sensible people think of them. I am grateful to you, Mr. Vonnell, because you do not blame father. You have been most considerate this morning. I shall not soon forget it. Father will feel badly enough when he hears this, but how could we know he would turn traitor? Please excuse me from going with you to the eleven o'clock session. I really have not the heart to go now. Misplaced confidence is always a hard thing to face. I shall feel differently this afternoon."

She was making a splendid attempt to regain her composure. Vonnell observed this, and decided that the best thing he could do was to leave her. Before he did so, however, he had secured her consent that she and her father would dine with him again that evening.

After Vonnell had gone, she went directly to her room, and battled with herself for over an hour. The world of the clergy was a very exacting one. Demands would be made upon her time, even during the apparent freedom of a conference. She knew that the local committee were planning an elaborate banquet for the delegates and their wives and daughters, and this would take place on the following evening. Much as she longed for seclusion, she knew she could not indulge. Her disappointment in Hadley was great, but she owed a higher duty to her father and her church. No one should ever know how deeply this shaft had gone home. And after this morning she would attend the remainder of the sessions.

She would take a more determined stand than ever against this organization of the Fundamentalists,—even Paul Hadley, she finally decided with a little angry laugh, should know what it meant to defy and oppose men like

her father. And they had planned to use their influence to place him in some prominent pulpit! Her heart hardened as she considered his daring. Well, he had forever killed himself as far as advancement was concerned.

Upon a sudden impulse she went to a table standing in the center of the room, whereon lay some hotel stationery. Seating herself she wrote rapidly her passionate protest against what he had done.

“Dr. Hadley: You have forever forfeited all right to my friendship. My father will feel the same. We trusted you, and the honor of our denomination was at stake. I consider that you have taken advantage of the confidence we placed in you. In the future we have nothing in common. How you could deliver such a message as I understand you gave at this morning’s Forum, and deliberately attempt to turn the minds and hearts of the trusting young clergy back into the old, worn-out channels, passes my comprehension. Such an act might have been expected of a fanatic, but *You!* I confess I cannot fathom a man like you!

Do you suppose that the leaders of our church will ever recognize you in the future? What did you hope to gain, anyhow, by attempting such a revolution? You had the opportunity of a lifetime; father and I would have done anything for you, but now, by your own folly, you have forever relegated yourself to the dead past.

I wonder if I need tell you, Dr. Hadley, that you have hurt me beyond the power of expression. To lose faith generally in human nature, is hard enough,—but to lose confidence in one who has been counted a friend, is hardest of all. You have lost the influence of men who could have sent you far in the denomination and you have lost the friendship of

Alice Jordan.”

With this act she forever put Paul Hadley from her life. Sealing the letter she took it downstairs, and left

it with the clerk, to be handed to Dr. Hadley when he came in. Then she went back upstairs to await her father's return.

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Immediately following the lunch hour that afternoon, behind closed doors, the Conference Committee met at the church to discuss the disastrous event of the morning. It was too late to recall what had been done. Dr. Jordan, a member of that committee, very much depressed over the outcome, took the blame upon himself. After a heated discussion, lasting over twenty minutes, it was decided to hush the thing up as much as possible and prevent the townspeople from getting hold of the affair.

After all, it was not the first time a controversy had arisen during a conference. Surely none of their sane men would allow themselves to be carried away by the address of one who had proved himself such an extremist. Some of the younger clergymen, who were not sure where they stood, could be interviewed by several members of their committee. In this way an attempt would be made to smooth the thing over. All admitted that it was very unfortunate, but now they knew where this Hadley stood, and could govern themselves accordingly. Above everything else, the daily press must not get on to this. Several of the members, however, were not so optimistic as to the general outcome.

Two hours later Paul Hadley had left Kalona, and was on his way home to a waiting congregation in the western part of the State. But his message was to live in the hearts of a number of clergymen. Not in vain had he spoken that morning at the Ministerial Forum.

CHAPTER IV

NORMA LANGLEY

The town of Brandon lay slightly to the south of Storm Lake. It was a growing community, where business conditions seemed ideal. Parents congratulated themselves upon the excellence of the public schools, and the churches, though few in number, were well attended each Lord's Day. Most of them were modern, substantial buildings, containing the latest improvements for social and athletic development. The only exception to this was the Community Church in the East End. People living in the vicinity declared that it was a shame that the congregation was not strong enough to secure a pastor who could plan for things in the modern way. They wanted a church building in the neighborhood of which they could be proud, one that would be a credit to them, rather than a disgrace.

It was the day following Hadley's memorable address at the Forum. Into a room in one of the more modest homes of Brandon, the western sun was sending its last rays. By an open window a young woman was seated, a letter lying in her lap—a young woman of striking personality, her auburn hair coiled artistically upon her head, her intelligent features good to look upon. Norma Langley was a force to be reckoned with. The firmness of chin revealed the fact that here was an individual accustomed to making decisions for herself. She picked up the letter, and with rather a troubled look in the brown eyes, looked it over. It was one she had written a short while before.

During the past two years she had lived with her uncle and aunt in a distant part of the state. Her mother had died suddenly, and her uncle, a clergyman, had offered her a home. For the first year she had taught school, having received her course at Normal, while her mother still lived. She had had every comfort in her uncle's home. He was the pastor of a large congregation. Then one day he had offered her the position of Church Secretary, with a salary attached, and with a keen interest she had plunged into her new duties. For a while she was enthusiastic, and had given herself entirely to her new work.

She had at first only taken care of his daily correspondence, and helped him keep in touch with the membership of his congregation. Gradually, however, she had commenced to assist him with his Sunday sermons. For a time this was the work she enjoyed most, for she was a thorough student, and preparation for her uncle's sermons stimulated her. Then, one day, as he suggested a thought to her, she looked up at him in astonishment. He had just stated that he considered the story of Jonah to be a myth.

"Uncle Len!" she exclaimed, "surely you cannot mean that! Why, it sounds like some of the stuff one of our teachers at Normal tried to cram down our throats. I cannot believe you are serious!"

As she sat here in the room, this evening, she reviewed the past six months of her life. Her uncle had on that occasion tried to persuade her to think likewise. No thoughtful men and women today believed those impossible tales of the old Scripture. Every ancient work that had lived down through the centuries had its tales of mythology, and the Bible was no exception. And with

pain and astonishment in her heart she had listened to him on the following Sunday morning, as he subtly denied a number of things in the old Book. However, she had firmly refused to have anything to do with the preparation of that sermon.

In her heart, years before, had been put the seed of the Word by a mother who had always stood firm for the old Book, and it had fallen on good soil. During her months of study at the Normal, while on every side young women had gone down before the advance of Modernist teaching, Norma Langley had stood, like a veritable Gibraltar, clinging to her lofty ideals, her faith in the Bible unshaken.

In college, however, the test had not been so hard. It was more difficult, in the home of her uncle, to maintain this standard. She had an affection for him, which had increased during their months of association together. While she cared for her aunt after a fashion, there was not the tie between them that existed between herself and her uncle. Her aunt was impatient over Norma's attitude, and could make no allowance for such foolish notions as her niece possessed. Of course people today could not take the Bible literally—Norma was too extreme.

But Norma steadily held her ground, although it became increasingly difficult. She had been unable to get her uncle to see things differently. There was a gentle courtesy about him, however, that took away the sharp edge of an argument. Her relatives had been good to her, and she hated to antagonize them, but as the days went by she grew more troubled. Her position was becoming embarrassing, and she wondered how long she would be able to endure such conditions. Members of

her uncle's congregation often came to her about various things. They were so thankful that their pastor was advancing with the thought of the times, and that he had sense enough to relegate apparent miracles to the realm of mythology, where they belonged. Out of consideration for her uncle and aunt she would change the subject whenever possible.

The climax had come two days before, while her uncle was away from home for a week. He had asked her to teach his weekly Bible class which was held on the evening of the day he was to leave. At first she refused. She had not been in the habit of attending this class, because she disapproved of the text book being used. But at her uncle's urgent request she finally consented. At least she need not teach anything that was false. Her aunt did not belong to the class, and therefore was not present.

The lesson was on the life and teachings of Christ. She omitted several statements in the text-books, which she would not be guilty of teaching. During the entire lesson period, however, Norma Langley felt that she was sailing under false colors. Before the hour ended, she had reached her decision; she could no longer remain in her Uncle's home. The teaching of this lesson was the nearest she had ever come to compromising in all her straightforward young life. If she remained she felt that it would not be long before she would become engulfed in the maelstrom of Modernism. And she must make her position clear before these people, come what would. Lifting her heart in silent prayer, she looked up from the book. "I must make a statement as to what I believe," she said clearly, a light coming into her eyes. "Friends, I can-

not agree with a number of statements in this book, especially in this lesson being taught tonight. For instance: 'It is not so much the shed blood of Christ that we should emphasize today, but the life that Jesus lived while here upon earth. Let people practice the Golden Rule, and live up to the sermon on the Mount, and by following Christ's example they become Christians in the highest sense of the word.' I cannot accept that teaching. My Bible tells me that 'without the shedding of blood is no remission.' I must put myself on record as standing firmly on God's word."

It had surprised them, of course. She talked a few minutes longer and there were one or two objections, but respect for her position as their pastor's niece had restrained them.

The next morning her aunt came to her room early. Norma saw at once that something had occurred to make her very angry.

"I am amazed at you, Norma Langley!" she cried. "Mrs. Ferris has just called me and told me of your disgraceful outburst last night. How you dare to openly defy your uncle, and publicly deny his teaching, is beyond me. What do you mean? Is this the thanks we receive for offering you a home under our roof? Are you going to keep up this sort of thing?"

Very pale under this unexpected attack, but with the fine courage of her indomitable spirit, Norma faced her aunt.

"I shall leave your home today, Aunt Rachael," she replied. "I reached this decision last night. I cannot stay, and longer retain my self-respect. Uncle Len knows where I stand. He knows that I took charge of that service last night under protest. I do appreciate all the

kindness you have both shown to me since I have been in your home, but the time has come when I should be false to myself, false to my mother's teachings, and false to my God, if I remained here any longer. I refuse to sell my convictions for the sake of a home! I shall not wait for Uncle to return,—there is no use in paining him with such an interview. What I have to say to him, I shall say in a letter. My mind is made up, and my decision unalterable."

Somewhat subdued by Norma's reply, and surprised at the girl's sudden, fixed purpose, her aunt tried to dissuade her. But one might as well attempt to move a mountain. Norma was not a young woman who swerved easily from a set resolve, and the flint in her make-up was more than a match for her aunt's flexibility of character.

Living in Brandon, across the state, was a former classmate of hers. It had been Norma's intention to visit Helena Rossiter the coming summer. But she would go at once to Brandon. From her mother she had received a small legacy, and this, together with what she had earned during the two years in her uncle's home, would prove a sufficient fund until she secured a school in the fall.

Thus, fired by a sense of conviction and duty, Norma Langley let go her moorings, and with an absolute faith in her mother's God, set her face toward the west. It was, she realized, the beginning of a new life for her.

She had taken the night train, arriving in Brandon that morning. Mrs. Rossiter was overjoyed at the sight of the one classmate she had most admired at Normal. This joy, however, turned to something akin to conster-

nation as she listened to Norma's story. The whole thing seemed to puzzle her.

"But Norma, what difference does it make if you do see things differently from your relatives? It seems to me that you have sacrificed a comfortable home for the sake of a few foolish trifles. A lot of people today believe just as your aunt and uncle do."

Norma shook her head. "No, Helena, I cannot agree with you. They are not trifles to me. They are the soundest convictions of my life. You consider the matter for which I left a small one. To me the vital doctrines of Christianity are life itself, and it is a libel on my God when anyone discredits or makes light of any portion of His Word. The red stream which runs through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation is that which flowed from Calvary. I can have no fellowship with those who deny the power of the Atonement, and who doubt the inspiration of the Bible. I thank God for a mother who taught me these things from my youth."

But this discussion was beyond Helena's understanding. She could only shrug her shoulders rather helplessly.

"I confess I never studied this subject as you did, Norma," she replied. "My people were not Christians. Of course Loren and I go to church and we would not miss a Sunday morning service, but I could not take such things to heart as you do. I'll tell you more of our church later. I am sure you will like the one we attend. And now, above everything else, you surely must know how thoroughly glad I am to have you with me, Norma dearest. You must consider this your home from this time forth. You shall have absolute freedom. Only we cannot offer you the luxuries which you doubtless had in your

uncle's home." She glanced rather deprecatingly around the sitting-room, comfortable and clean, but small.

But Norma hushed her apology. She was grateful for Helena's genuine welcome. "I appreciate this offer of yours, Helena," she replied, "and you must not apologize for anything. I have a presentiment that I shall spend some of the happiest days of my life here in this little home of yours. I do not know just what the future has in store for me, but I somehow believe that God has a definite work for me to do in the days to come."

During the remainder of the morning they had visited together, talking over the old days in college. Mr. Rossiter did not always get home to lunch. Early in the afternoon Helena took the young woman upstairs, and rather proudly threw open the door of the guest-room. At least she could offer her friend a charming room. Norma exclaimed as they entered. An ordinary bedroom had been transformed into a blue and white bower. Helena had the taste of an artist. Upon a sudden impulse, Norma turned and kissed her friend.

"This is dear!" she said. "You remember how I always loved a dainty room, even though I never had much knack for such work myself. But at Normal your room was always the envy of the girls. I know I shall have some wonderful hours here. And you must come up often, Helena; we shall have some good times together. Perhaps I can help you to see some things more clearly."

And when Norma wrote to her uncle, before she enclosed the pages in an envelope, she read the letter through once more:

"Dear Uncle Len: I am sending this letter to you so that you shall have it upon your return. I wonder if you realize how reluctant I have been to take the step

which I felt I must take. It is not any one thing in itself, but a combination of events, that has brought me to this decision. You are my uncle, my mother's brother, and as such I do love you, Uncle Len, but I could never see things as you do. As I told Aunt Rachael, I could no longer retain my self-respect, and still remain under your roof. But do not think that I have taken this step without much prayer.

I cannot accept the teachings of our professors today, when they deny the authenticity of God's Word. I may be behind the times, but I have no desire to be classed with the progressives who spend their time preparing Satanic assaults on the Scriptures, nor can I have fellowship in a church where a bloodless gospel is commencing to be preached.

There are many things in the Bible which are not quite clear to me, but in the future I intend to devote more time to Bible study than I have given to it in the past. I try to believe that the world grows better and that in every generation people are getting nearer to God, but sometimes I wonder how this can be, when so many people deny the teaching of His Word. These things have been perplexing me, but during these summer months I shall dig out these truths for myself. I cannot accept the man-made theories of the present day, they too openly contradict the Word of God.

There are certain parts of my work that I shall miss, Uncle Len. Until these questions arose to disturb me, six months ago, I loved my work and was happy. But since our first disagreement there has been a constant struggle, which has culminated in the step which I have taken.

I am sorry because it was necessary for me to hurt you and Aunt Rachael, but I have no regrets for what I have done. I wanted to avoid an interview that would have been painful to both of us, therefore I left during your absence. Sometime in the future I may return for a visit, but at present I request that you do not try to

locate me. I must live my own life, and keep true to my convictions.

Believe me to be, Your affectionate niece,
Norma."

With this act, Norma Langley burned her bridges behind her, and entered upon her new life at Brandon. She determined that she would not reveal to anyone the identity of her uncle; she would start afresh, in this new field, and find a work for herself. She wrote also to her brother Robert, who was away at school. Bob was the pride of her life, one of the coming young men at College. She had visited him, during the previous holiday season, spending several days with him. He was preparing himself for a career of journalism, and his college marks were high. She wrote him fully, explaining her reasons for the step she had taken, and in her brother's letter she placed the envelope addressed to her uncle. It were better if Bob mailed the letter from the college town.

That evening, for the first time, she met Loren Rossiter. Helena Mandel had taught school for three months, and then surprised her little world by marrying a man she had known only a short time. Instinctively Norma liked him. Helena had often written about her husband, and Norma realized as they sat together at dinner that evening, that her friend's letters had not been exaggerated. He welcomed her in a hearty, boyish manner that warmed her heart.

On one point Norma was adamant,—she insisted upon paying her way. As a clerk in a department store, Rossiter drew only fair wages, and Norma's independence would not permit her to remain as a guest. In spite of Helena's protest, she was firm. Finally they compromised

upon a two weeks' visit. Helena insisted upon this much and after that Norma should have her own way.

The Rossiters belonged to a church further downtown. Helena had gone there for years. She was keen about their pastor, Dr. Wilbur Frahm. The conversation drifted to the work of the church. Loren was not so enthusiastic about the man. Behind his paper he made a little grimace, as Helena commenced to sing his praises.

"I think that the best part of Dr. Frahm's work is his ability to keep such a vast number of young people tied up with the church. Since he came here nine months ago he has started an Athletic Association, instituted sports of every kind, and formed a Kitten Ball League—in fact, nearly every night in the week is filled. There is always some amusement or other for the young folks."

Loren laughed at his wife, and looked to Norma. "What do you think of such a program, Miss Langley?" he asked. "I call the church we attend a regular Athletic Club. That's about the only subject my little wife and I differ upon."

Helena was indignant. "For shame, Loren Rossiter!" she exclaimed. "Don't you dare turn Norma against Dr. Frahm! I am determined that she shall like him, even if you don't. You must admit that Frahm is an orator of the first rank. Brandon is proud of having a man like him. Wait until you meet him, Norma. He is wonderful,—all the young women are charmed with him."

To Mrs. Rossiter's surprise, Norma was silent a moment. When she spoke, it was with a certain gravity.

"I think I stand with your husband, Helena," she said. "I admit that young people need recreation, and the developing of the social instinct is natural, but I fear that

too many pastors are making the mistake of putting these things first. Years ago I heard an evangelist preach a sermon on the subject 'First things first.' I have never forgotten that sermon. I think that has become the trouble with the church today. We ought to get back to first principles. Let the young folks have their social times, but not at the expense of their Christian development."

Loren slapped his knee rather gleefully. Here was a young woman who decided things for herself. He liked Norma immensely. As a rule he good naturedly gave up an argument in favor of his wife. Now he had suddenly discovered a champion.

"I'm with you, Miss Langley," he agreed, while his wife regarded him scornfully. "But by all means take Helena's advice. Come with us next Sunday and hear Frahm for yourself. I'll not mention him again until you have heard him. He a ladies' man all right." He skillfully dodged his wife's upraised arm.

"I have a notion to have Dr. Frahm excommunicate you, Loren Rossiter!" she exclaimed, and the subject dropped.

Norma inquired about the other churches. One of them would soon be without a pastor, Helena told her, for the members were very much dissatisfied. They had a new man in the pulpit at the little Community Church in the East End. Somehow the name of this church appealed to Norma. But Helena was not interested.

"I really do not know much about it," she replied, indifferently, "except that some people in its immediate vicinity think the building ought to be torn down, and a modern structure erected. The building is big enough but it looks like a barn! They have none of the improve-

ments which our other churches possess. I have heard that the members are rather peculiar in their beliefs. They are often referred to as 'Premillennialists,' whatever that may mean. Perhaps you can enlighten us, Norma."

But Norma could tell them very little.

"I have heard Uncle refer to Premillennialism as a dangerous doctrine. He seemed to think that people who belong to this class were always setting some date for Christ's return. I know that on a number of occasions he has warned people against having anything to do with it. So I know very little about it, you see."

She agreed to go with them the following Sunday. But in her heart was a lurking desire to visit the little church in the East End. Somehow, she felt that she should not like Dr. Frahm.

When Sunday came they went to church in Loren's car,—not the luxurious kind driven by her uncle, but an inexpensive runabout which Loren had purchased several months before. Even though it was not new, he drove it to church rather proudly. The day was ideal, and Norma's heart was full of the pure joy of living. These friends had, in their simple hospitality, taken her in and made her one of them. She was all unconscious of the picture she made, her burnished hair glinting in the April sunlight, a thoroughbred to her finger tips. Helena was justly proud of her friend.

The church, a handsome edifice which had been erected two years before, had taken the place of the former frame structure. It stood in the neighborhood of many of the best homes of Brandon, on a fashionable corner. Instead of being topped with the old-fashioned steeple, it was

round in design, with a flat roof. It seemed to Norma this morning, as they drove up and she saw its white stone surface gleaming in the sun, that there was nothing church-like in its appearance.

"It looks like a round-house!" she exclaimed, much to Loren's amusement. But Helena was vigorous in its defense.

They were early. Helena desired to introduce Norma to a number of her friends. She always had been keen about Norma. It was her intention to make the young woman feel thoroughly satisfied in her new surroundings.

Dr. Frahm and his wife stood near the door. Seeing the Rossiters, and a stranger with them, the pastor hastened forward, all courtesy.

Norma never forgot her first impression of him. He did not look a bit like a minister, she decided. A suave, polished little man, his eyes very keen and piercing, it seemed to this straightforward young woman that she had never before met a minister like him. He might have belonged to the theatrical profession. She considered him thoroughly insignificant. They talked for some minutes, and evidently Frahm was much impressed.

He turned to his wife, who had been introduced with him. "I'd like Miss Langley to see our downstairs equipment," he said. Then turning to Norma again, "We pride ourselves on having a unique church home. Shall we go down? We are glad you have come among us, for there is plenty of work for a young woman like you to do."

He took the two women downstairs. Loren refused to go. Dr. Frahm showed her through the modern kitchen, and the long room with the sliding doors, which was used for class rooms on Sunday, and for a dining-room on

other occasions, through the up-to-date gym, and finally they came to a room, the door of which was closed. With a certain pride, Dr. Frahm opened it. Norma never forgot her astonishment. Inside the room, dim and cool, stood the familiar low table, with its green cloth covering. It was a billiard room!

"The men of the church come down here, and have the privilege, any evening, of playing billiards while they smoke," Frahm told Norma. "Of course it is never open on Sundays, but only during the week."

The young woman's heart was in a tumult as they went back upstairs. A feeling of nausea filled her. It was hard for her to believe what she had actually seen. A billiard room in the church! Was it any wonder the church was losing its power, coming to such things as this. She did not openly show her disgust, but in her heart she instantly resolved that she would have a plain talk with Helena when they reached home. This was her first and last appearance in such a place. She had not left her uncle's home and church to get into anything of this sort. The entire atmosphere of the place sickened her.

Her fears in regard to Frahm had been more than realized. She noticed that the young people of the church hovered around him and she realized it was not a spiritual attraction between pastor and people. Frahm possessed a sort of physical magnetism, that appealed to the frivolous set of young women with whom he laughed and joked, regardless of the fact that this was the Lord's day.

The sermon was modern in the extreme. Norma listened in vain for something that was spiritually helpful and uplifting. At least her uncle was not this type of man. In his church there had been more of the spirit of

reverence than existed here. Frahm spoke on "Environment,"—give people good, clean, wholesome surroundings, and they naturally choose good and reject evil. Everything seemed formal and mechanical. The music was rendered by a quartet whose singing was faultlessly cold, and the offertory was lively in the extreme. Thoroughly heart-hungry and longing for something warm and vital, she sat through the service. Finally it came to an end.

As they drove home Norma wondered how Helena could stand such an apology for worship. In answer to Mrs. Rossiter's questions she replied briefly. She would not discuss Frahm in the presence of Loren, but she caught the knowing wink with which Loren favored her, and knew he felt as she did.

After dinner Loren went out. This was her opportunity. Very kindly but firmly Norma declared that for her fellowship in such a church was impossible. Helena's disappointment was keen. However, the note of finality in her friend's voice warned her that it was useless to attempt argument.

"I am very sorry for this, Norma," she said, "because I am sure you will find nothing better in Brandon. I cannot understand what you have against Dr. Frahm. We have the largest membership in town and the best equipment. I am sure you would feel at home after you got to know the people."

But Norma remained firm. She refused to go again. That evening she would try another church, perhaps the Community Church in the East End. She did not suggest this to Helena, however. Any service would be preferable to the travesty of the morning. When she left her

uncle's home she had taken her first step toward complete independence, and not again would she become engulfed. She would remain free of all entanglements. God had a work of some kind for her to do, but it was not work which she could ever find in the atmosphere of a church like Dr. Frahm's.

The Community Church was almost a mile distant from where the Rossiters lived. After an early supper Norma started out. Loren had offered to drive her wherever she intended going, but she preferred to walk. As she went across the town she felt that she was on the verge of some new experience. Her training in her uncle's study, during the past year, had been part of the preparation for some definite work which she was confident God had in store for her to do. Her dissatisfaction of the previous six months had led her away from her uncle's home, her heart yearning for the truth, and led entirely by His spirit she was on this April evening finding her way to the church in the East End.

She had made several inquiries along the way. Finally she came to the church. As she drew near she heard music. The young people's society must be in session, for it was still too early for the preaching service. Even before she quite reached the church she was impressed by the heartiness of the singing. The building, an unimposing gray wooden structure, much in need of paint, was evidently a relic of the past. And into this place went Norma Langley, little realizing that she was to leave there that night, her life filled with a new purpose.

It wanted perhaps fifteen minutes before the regular service would begin. Following an impulse she turned into the main room, which was still empty and dimly

lighted, instead of going into the room where the young people were singing. She wanted to sense the quiet and peace which would come to her alone in that place. The room seemed surcharged with the power and presence of the Spirit of God.

But she was not to be left alone. A moment after she had entered, a door opened out from a little room near the platform, and a man stood framed in the doorway. He came forward immediately, and introduced himself to Norma as the pastor of the church, Rev. Franklin Phillips, inviting her into his study.

She never forgot the fifteen minutes spent in the pastor's study that April evening, nor her conversation with the pastor. He was a fine specimen of manhood, tall, built on generous lines, a man to make his presence realized anywhere. As he talked his eyes full of a divine light, Norma understood that here was a man who put himself wholly into his work. Before she realized it, she was pouring out her heart to him. He instinctively invited confidence. She told him why she had been dissatisfied at home, though loyalty to her uncle prevented her from explaining all the circumstances, and Phillips saw that she was groping for deeper truths.

In the few minutes before them he told her something of the struggle he had been having since he had accepted the pastorate of the Community Church. A bond of fellowship was established between them this night, that was destined to grow stronger as their association increased in the days to come.

"I know you will love my people, Miss Langley," he said. "Somehow I am convinced that God has sent you here at this time in answer to a special need. There is

so much to be done. We have a fine group of young people, but there are so many outside attractions. The problem has been how to provide wholesome social recreation for our young people, which will be consistent with a Christian experience. I will not permit the bringing into my church of worldly forms of amusement. The church had been without a pastor for several months before my wife and I came here in February, and some of the members, particularly the younger ones, had grown indifferent. They cannot afford to pay a pastor very much of a salary, but the work is commencing to grow. Many old members are coming back. It has been a discouraging situation, but our faith is in Him. If you are looking for a church home, Miss Langley, my prayer is that you may find it here."

With a simple little gesture that sealed the bond between them, Norma held out her hand.

"I am at your service, Brother Phillips," she said; "in a real sense I can call you 'brother.' This morning I attended another church in this town, and I came away sick and hungry at heart. My judgment tells me that I have made no mistake in coming here tonight. I can see now why God permitted me to come to Brandon. I shall not be otherwise engaged this summer, and I want to help you, here in this field. I am in need of spiritual food and strength myself, but I feel that I shall receive here what I need, and in return, perhaps I can be of some help to you. I have taught school, and if you care to use me in your Bible School, I am willing."

As Phillips studied the earnest, inspired face before him, his heart went out in silent gratitude to God. What a splendid young life, keen and eager for service!

"Yes," he replied, "we have a class of young women that needs a regular teacher. You will be just the one to handle that class. My wife is fine at visitation work, but she is too nervous to teach. And I may occasionally have some work for you to do in the study. I am sure you will be interested in an organization I am connected with, the Fundamentals movement. It is one of the greatest organizations in the country today, standing out clear-cut and sound on all the doctrines of Scripture. I will tell you more of this work another time. Our service begins now."

It was all so new and wonderful to Norma, that service which followed. She had never before been made to feel so much at home, in any church. The song service and the testimonies were an inspiration to her, and with the tears very near to the surface, Norma realized that she had at last found a desired haven. It was the sermon, however, that was a revelation to her. These people evidently expected the return again of Jesus Christ in visible form, and she realized that they believed it in a sane, sensible manner. Many things she felt she did not understand, but with a blessed sense of satisfaction she realized that here was a pastor to whom she could unburden her heart in her effort to fathom the deeper mysteries. She was agreeably surprised at the eloquence displayed by this man, an eloquence backed up by the divine power of the Spirit of God. She realized his ability to fill a much larger pulpit than this. Evidently it was his devotion to Christ's cause that had led him here. If only more pulpits had men like Franklin Phillips!

After the service she met all who were present. She

liked Mrs. Phillips, a round-faced little woman whom everybody seemed to love. She noticed the affectionate manner in which the young folks hovered about both the pastor and his wife. How different from the scene that morning at the other church when her heart had turned sick in that chilling atmosphere. Here the tie between pastor and people was spiritual. She wondered why Loren Rossiter never came here. She did not blame him for his mocking attitude whenever he considered his own church.

Almost reluctantly Norma left the church. Somehow she felt that she wanted to stay with these dear people. As she was leaving, Mrs. Phillips called to her. She had been conferring in an undertone with her husband. Very lovingly she put her arm around Norma.

"Mr. Phillips and I would like to have you come to the parsonage for lunch tomorrow, Miss Langley. There are many things we want to discuss with you. We live over there," pointing to a bungalow across the street. And Norma gratefully accepted.

A few minutes later the church was dark. Tall and gray and faded it reared itself against the sky, an eyesore to many people in the vicinity, but a place of spiritual blessing to the members, a church home that had grown dear to many hearts. The worship which was offered up to an eternal God from that homely little church was acceptable in His sight, but the formal services of such churches as Dr. Frahm's were obnoxious to Him.

Norma sensed all this as she walked home, her heart filled with a new and a living hope. God had been good to her, and met her need. When she entered the house

the Rossiters were waiting for her. Where had she gone? Briefly Norma told them. Somehow her heart was too full for much conversation just then. Helena was surprised and curious. She asked Norma how she liked Mr. Phillips. As she stood there a moment, pulling off her gloves, a far-off look in her eyes, her lips slightly smiling, Helena and Loren both stared at her. She almost seemed like a new Norma.

"I never before attended such a service. It seems just as though pastor and people belong together, and that God is with them," was all she said. Then she kissed Helena, bade them good night, and went up to bed.

CHAPTER V

LIFE AT THE PARSONAGE

The Community Parsonage, a simple, home-like bungalow, had an atmosphere all its own,—not very pretentious on the exterior, but a delightful place inside. The moment one entered one unconsciously felt the rest and quiet prevailing. The front room, long and low-ceilinged, lined with its rows of books, gave instantly the impression of culture and refinement. Mrs. Phillips, possessing to a rare degree the home-making instinct, had not been in the parsonage a month before they were comfortably settled. She had made the most of the bare, empty rooms, glad that the living room was large enough to give a suggestion of generous hospitality. The furniture, while not new, was good, and the curtains, overhung with drapes, gave the finishing touch.

The morning following Norma's first attendance at the church, Franklin Phillips sat in his parsonage study. He used this room on most occasions. The little room in the church, where Norma had first talked with him, was not sufficiently comfortable for use in the colder weather. In summer, however, it would prove to be an ideal study.

As he sat at his table this Monday morning, a paper before him, he permitted his thoughts to wander. This was his season, each day, for meditation, following the cheerful breakfast hour. Just now he seemed stern and preoccupied. Finally the door opened, and his wife looked in with a message. Instantly his face showed

the love and tenderness he felt for her. He urged her to come in, but she shook her head,—she simply wanted to leave word about a sick member of the church. The perfect love and understanding which existed between these two was a tie which bound them to the hearts of all. She paused now just long enough for a word concerning Norma. Together they had rejoiced the night previous that she had come among them.

“Call me when she arrives, sweetheart,” he said, as she disappeared. She would always be that to him, the one woman, infinitely dear and precious. Phillips knew that she would go to the kitchen and plan a wholesome luncheon that would be a credit to the parsonage. How good God had been to give him such a loyal wife. The daughter of wealthy parents, she had, nevertheless, because of her love for Franklin Phillips, proudly become his wife, gladly sharing his lot, and giving herself unstintingly in service to others.

After she had gone, Phillips again turned his attention to the paper, a current church periodical. He had been indignantly stirred by a sermon which had been written for this present issue, by a man who had not only denied certain fundamental doctrines in a subtle manner, as so many pastors were doing, but who had come out boldly against all that was sound and orthodox. For a long time Phillips had known the stand that this clergyman was taking against the faith once delivered to the saints, but that this periodical, one of the leading organs of his denomination, should thus champion the cause of the Modernists, was going too far. Not only had he in this sermon ridiculed the doctrine of the blessed hope of Christ’s return—a lot of pastors were doing that

—but his attack reached out to the Deity of Jesus Christ and the Atonement. This man had for years been a prominent figure in their denomination, polished, cultured, brilliant,—a leader among men. That such an apostate should be allowed a hearing through the Christian pulpit and press was unthinkable.

Unconsciously Phillips clasped his hands together in his personal protest, and righteous indignation grew within him. Before his people, simple minded and trusting, and not in touch with these weightier affairs, he was the impersonation of love and compassion; but he was swift and instant with his protest against the men who denied the faith. They deserved no quarter.

He found himself, somehow, looking forward to Miss Langley's arrival. Instinctively he felt that she would understand. So many Christians were simply like sheep,—they needed a shepherd, or they would wander. How very few people really studied God's Word for themselves! He realized that the strength of the Modernistic movement lay in the ignorance of God's own people,—their ignorance of the Word.

There was some correspondence which needed his attention, and for an hour he busied himself with letters. He wrote a strong denunciation to the editor of the church paper, stating that under no circumstances need they look for a renewal of his subscription when it expired. As long as the management so openly championed the cause of those who tried to tear his Bible to shreds, he could not be a party to their support.

When Norma finally arrived, Mrs. Phillips came in from the kitchen and greeted her warmly. The morning was rather chilly, but there was a cheerful grate fire

in the dining room before which the three of them chatted together for a while. Phillips, noting the girl's interest and appreciation of her surroundings, subtly realized something of her heart hunger.

Mrs. Phillips, while a help to her husband in the highest sense, did not possess the quick, student's mind that Norma did. There was much about doctrinal points which she could not grasp. But she could go into any sick room, and take with her a world of comfort. Or she could listen to the troubles of some parishioner with an infinite patience and compassion. Never failing in her ready sympathy, she was loved by every member of her husband's parish. Many times, not only in this present parish, but in former fields, she had saved him hours of harassing details, leaving him free for study and meditation. It was after Mrs. Phillips finally excused herself that Norma went with the pastor to his study. The books along the walls in the living-room interested the girl. Her heart beat high with hope and anticipation. She marveled at such a collection of volumes,—why, he had more books than her uncle, and he was undoubtedly a deep student.

As they entered the study, and he motioned her to an easy chair, she looked up at him, her eyes alight.

"It surely must be a privilege to live in a home with so many books. You have a library that many folks might covet."

He nodded. "Yes, Miss Langley," he agreed, "I have been more fortunate than most pastors in this respect. God has been good to me. Perhaps it may interest you to know just how I have acquired such a collection. My parents were poor, and I was obliged to earn what few

books I secured when I first decided to study for the ministry. Before I entered school I met my wife; she is the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant. It happened one day, during the summer previous to my entering college, that I stood outside a second-hand book store, looking over some copies of certain books which I desired very much. I had five dollars in my hand, and wanted to make that money reach just as far as possible. I was having a difficult time trying to decide just which I would select, entirely unconscious that this observing young woman stood near by watching me. She had been passing, and stopped when she saw me. She is the quickest little woman to read people,—and she sensed the situation perfectly. She did not make her presence known to me then. In fact, it was not until months later, after we were engaged, that she told me of this incident. But from that day to this, my God-given little wife has had the keenest enjoyment of her life showering me with books. I received box after box of them in my college days. It meant a great deal to me in many ways. She has never lost an opportunity to find out the names of certain volumes I most longed for, and so, Miss Langley, you don't wonder that I thank God every day of my life for the wife He has given me."

The study was very quiet when Phillips finished recounting this experience of his. Norma sat leaning forward, her chin in her hand, her face rapt with attention. When he stopped she was not ashamed of the tears that stood in her eyes.

"Let me thank you for this intimate glimpse into your life, Mr. Phillips," she said. "I think it is an ideal picture of love and devotion. I somehow feel that I have

known both of you for years. I do want to be of some service here. My heart is full of gratitude this morning, but I feel so ignorant about many things; there is so much I want to know. Tell me, what can I do to help?"

As Phillips looked at her, he recognized a spirit kindred with theirs. How good it was to have her in their home! Here was a soul, fired with enthusiasm, a girl with sufficient courage to stand for certain principles, as had been evidenced by her willingness to sacrifice a comfortable home rather than to yield to compromise. In his heart was a prayer to God for guidance, that he might advise her aright.

In the hour that they spent together before lunch, Phillips told her much about his work, and about the special burden upon his heart. He saw that when he mentioned the Fundamentalists she seemed perplexed. Evidently she knew little about them. He reminded her of her experience in her uncle's home, and showed her that the time had come when certain men and women in America who stood out for the fundamental doctrines of the faith, had found it necessary to band themselves together and take a public stand against the Modernists. Just a few years before, a national movement along this line had been found necessary. He had been one of the favored number of several thousand pastors and laymen, who had been privileged to attend the first National Conference in a distant state, and, fired by the enthusiasm and inspiration of that initial gathering, he had from the first taken his stand with the Fundamentalists.

To the eager young woman, keenly drinking in every word, it was all a revelation. She knew nothing of the movement, but she could sense the vast opportunities and the far reaching effects of such an organization.

This man had a way of describing the movement which was graphic. A picture of the oncoming tide of such a force of men and women, united, arose before her—the banding together of Christians innumerable who would contend for the faith at all hazards.

She interrupted him several times to question him about details. When he mentioned the fact that the organization was growing rapidly, she stopped him.

“But what do the old denominational members think of this movement?” she asked. “Are there certain classes of people who enlist in this cause, or do Christians unite with it simply as individuals? Surely there must be *some* denominations that have not gone over into this drift toward Modernism. You see how little I know about the actual truth. I had no idea that false teaching had gained a headway *inside* the church. We faced this thing at college, but that was not a Christian institution.”

Phillips shook his head, sadly. His heart was heavy for the Christian people of America who were being misled. Miss Langley, he saw, was a striking type—intelligent, consecrated, but knowing nothing of actual conditions. But as he noticed her interest and absorption, he felt that she would make common cause with them. God was laying this burden on her young heart, and she would prove to be no mean champion.

“It is not a denominational movement, Miss Langley,” he explained. “Rather, it is a getting together of people out of all denominations—of those who can no longer tolerate the denial of the doctrines which they hold dear. It is a lamentable fact, but none the less certain, that there is not a denomination today that is not already tainted with heresy and apostasy. Some of them, it is true, are farther gone than others, but the poison has

entered every large body today, to a greater or less extent. I can see the reason that you are ignorant of conditions—it is because pastors fail in their duty and are not warning the people. It is this very ignorance on the part of God's people that sometimes almost crushes me. God has given me a vision of the need, and that is why I am grateful to Him when I see He is raising up loyal young people like you, who dare to stand for the truth, and who refuse to compromise, no matter what the cost.

"Pastors today are cramming down the throats of deluded men and women subtle denials or perversions of the faith of our fathers, and preaching the lies that the professors and teachers of our seminaries are handing down to them. I could keep you here in this study for hours, recounting to you one experience after another, showing you how this accursed teaching is undermining the faith of multitudes—and then I would only be touching the outside edge of the apostasy."

Norma sat there appalled, burdened to her very soul, as she realized something of the load this man bore. Here was no ordinary man, but one whose vision could sweep over the entire range of Christian profession—a man of God, who had the vision of the world's need of the truth. But even as she felt her utter ignorance, she realized that her eyes were being opened. The eagerness of youth was strong within her. This was a mission worthy of any young woman's best efforts, and with God's help she would dedicate her life to such a service. No further need for her to question what God's plan and purpose for her life might be. This morning had brought to her a realization of duty such as she had not had before. Phillips never forgot the expression of high resolve on her face, as she spoke.

"I want God to use me to the very utmost in this great work," she said simply. "I feel that I have much to thank Him for, because He will permit me to work with such a man as you are. I care not what lies before me personally in the future. I can trust my Father to the utmost. There are many things for me to learn, and some things which I have always been taught which I cannot understand. For instance, I have always felt that the world of men were getting nearer to God, for that is what I have been told from my infancy, but I must be mistaken. Surely the trend of things today does not warrant such teaching. I heard you speak last night of the actual return of Jesus Christ. I never heard a pastor give the view that you took last night, and yet it is a beautiful thought. My dear mother was a Christian, but she always believed that the coming of Christ referred to death. Yours is a new view of the situation to me. I feel that I must learn a great deal more about certain teachings in God's Word, before I will be fit for the highest service. I believe with all my heart in the Deity of Jesus Christ, the Atonement, and the doctrines which I have always regarded as essential to salvation, but the thought of an actual return to earth of Jesus Christ is new to me."

Instantly Phillips reached for his Bible. Very briefly he showed her from certain passages the actuality of Christ's visible return. There was not time then to go into detail, but he handed her a small booklet, simply and soundly written, which he told her to take home and study, in which she would find this doctrine of the Lord's return set forth.

"There is one significant fact, Miss Langley," he told her, "you will find that it is not from the ranks of those

who believe in the Lord's return that our higher critics come, but from among those who deny His coming. This is usually the first doctrine that is denied."

He pointed out to Norma the fact that one could not, in many cases, blame the people in the pews; but that the men in the pulpits were responsible, largely, because of the kind of gospel they preached. He tried to show her that these conditions had existed for a long time, having had their root years before in the schools and colleges which were regular breeding places for unsound teaching.

"Think of these schools, hundreds of them, and the multitudes of men and women enrolled, imbibing false teaching during their years of study in the class rooms, and many of these students eventually becoming teachers and professors themselves, while others go out to churches and the mission fields, carrying with them the poison of their teaching. They tell us we ought to be optimists, but how can we be optimistic when we realize how the very foundations are being shaken? I know that God will raise up others to enlist their lives in this great service—just as He has raised you up to help with this work in our own state. It is this evidence of His leading that brings hope and encouragement.

"It has been an inspiration to me to have had this hour of fellowship with you this morning—there is much to be done, and we dare not give way, even when the burden seems heaviest. Our movement has, after all, made wonderful advance this past year, and God is working. We shall have more talks together, Miss Langley. As secretary of our state association I usually have a heavy correspondence, and your help will prove a great blessing to me. We want you to consider this parsonage your

home, as long as you are in Brandon. May you find a happy, useful life of service here among us."

As they went to lunch, and all during the hour that followed, Norma's heart rejoiced with a strange, new thanksgiving. She thought she had been happy in her uncle's home. In a sense she had—but not until she had come under this parsonage roof had she ever found her sphere.

Thus it was that Norma Langley entered upon her career of usefulness in Brandon. Knowing that she had been divinely guided, she gave herself whole heartedly to the work before her. Phillips found her to be an invaluable assistant, quick to grasp any situation, and many times during the days to come he thanked God for such a co-worker.

It was not long before she thoroughly understood the condition of affairs, and realized the apostasy that was sweeping so terribly over the churches. The burden of the work soon lay upon her heart as upon his. The mornings were generally spent in going over the correspondence, which was heavy. At first Phillips would give Norma an outline of certain letters which he wanted typed—many pastors wrote to him constantly about the sad havoc being made in their respective denominations—but gradually he began to turn over the bulk of his letters to Norma. She had an apt faculty for this sort of work, and her experience in her uncle's home stood her in splendid stead. Added to this training, there was now the higher incentive of the great need of the work before her. She was tireless in her efforts to assist this man, whose broad comprehension of affairs, and whose devotion to the cause were a revelation to her. The two

hours in the study often grew into an entire morning spent in detail work.

Norma generally lunched at the parsonage. Mrs. Phillips insisted upon this, and usually for an hour or two each afternoon, the three would gather together for Bible study. Phillips found Norma to be a student of more than ordinary ability, and it was not long before she saw the falsity of the teaching that prevailed in many churches. While Phillips was not primarily a teacher, yet he had a way of making things clear to this eager young woman, by guiding her in her choice of books for study.

She stood on the threshold of many new experiences. The books at her command were numerous—she would often stand before the rows of volumes, almost yearningly, as she realized how much there was for her to learn, and how fast the days were going. Phillips suggested that she would find the books on dispensational truth to be the most helpful for present study.

“If you first learn how to rightly divide God’s Word,” he told her one day, “you will have a clearer conception of God’s plan and purpose throughout the ages. The confusion that has come to exist in our churches is largely the result of the failure on the part of teachers and preachers to divide the Word properly.”

And after she had commenced to study the Word in this manner, she found that he was right. Many things were made clear and plain to her which had before been obscure and meaningless.

There was one thing which rather worried Phillips, and that was the fact that Norma was giving herself to this work with no expectation of remuneration. He felt that she would be hurt if he offered her anything for

her services, for she was doing the work as a labor of love. In any event he could not have offered her much, for his own income was limited. His wife's people had money, but it had been a rule of their married life that they would never accept anything from that source. When Irene Taylor became Mrs. Phillips she courageously entered her husband's station, and outside of her gifts of books to him, there had never been any suggestion of the wealth of her parents. They lived in an environment of economy, but, thanks to Mrs. Phillips' careful management, they had never wanted for anything needful.

Norma seemed never to think of herself. If it ever occurred to her to wonder how she was to continue in this work after her savings were gone, she would put the thought from her, confident that her heavenly Father would provide.

It was a source of much disappointment to Helena Rossiter that Norma should become so engrossed in the work of Community Church. She had hoped for different things from this classmate of hers. Loren and Helena both enjoyed an occasional evening at cards, and on the very day that Norma had arrived, Helena planned a card party for some evening during the coming week, to which she decided to invite a young man who lived in the neighborhood. She wanted him to meet Norma. It never occurred to Mrs. Rossiter to wonder if her guest played cards, nearly all young people did these days. But when, on the following Monday she suggested the affair to Norma, the girl showed her consternation.

"A card party!" she exclaimed. "Why, Helena, I don't know one card from another! But if I did I would not play. I consider them one of the worst snares for our

young people today. Surely you do not expect me to attend such an affair! As a Christian I could not be so inconsistent."

It had just been a few hours after her first visit to the parsonage, and coming on top of her wonderful experience of the morning, this announcement of Helena's had taken her completely by surprise. Almost forgetting herself, Mrs. Rossiter lost her temper.

"Well, Norma Langley, I declare I cannot understand you!" she exclaimed, angry and in tears. "Do you expect folks to go through life interested only in church work? You cannot like Dr. Frahm, whom everyone else is wild about, and when I suggest an innocent card party in your honor, you draw back as though bitten by a snake. I confess you are beyond me!"

A look of compassion and tenderness sprang to Norma's eyes as she walked over to where the other woman was sitting. Stooping down, she kissed her.

"Forgive me, if I was rude, Helena," she said, earnestly. "You and Loren have been very good to me, and I must not forget that you were brought up to consider a game of cards all right. I was not. My mother instilled into me the same horror of cards that she possessed. I do not want to be thoughtless, and hurt you, but cannot you see that I must be true to my convictions? You know why I left my uncle's home. Dear girl, God has brought me here for a purpose, and after my visit to the parsonage this morning I feel that I have been wisely led in coming to Brandon. I cannot permit anything to stand in the way of the work I feel God has here for me. If you are content with the spare time I can give you, Helena, I shall be glad to remain here with

you, for I do so want to be a help to you. There is so much in life worth living for."

Again Norma's indomitable spirit conquered. Mrs. Rossiter saw there was nothing to do but make the best of it. In spite of her failure to understand this class-mate of hers, Helena was nevertheless proud of her friendship. She saw that, if necessary, the girl would leave her home as she had left her uncle's roof. Loren had taken a decided fancy to this young woman with her lofty ideals, and even though she could not see things as Norma saw them, still she need not quarrel with her.

The following Sunday Norma was introduced to her new class of girls, ten in all, ranging in age from fourteen to sixteen years. When she first entered the class room with Phillips, who introduced her, some of them stared at her rather curiously, but several of the girls smiled back at Norma and liked her instantly. She was thankful that they had a class room to themselves. The church building was not arranged in the modern way, with numerous class rooms, but Norma knew how specially difficult it was to fix the attention of girls in the teen age if they were obliged to study in the general Sunday School room.

The girls for the most part were well behaved. One girl whispered frequently, but when her companion nudged her rather shamefacedly, she had the grace to stop. Before that first half hour lesson period was over, the girls were captivated, and would have fought each other if necessary for the sake of Norma Langley.

During the first week of her work in the parsonage Phillips had called her attention to the condition of the Sunday School lesson helps. Having arrived in Febru-

ary, Phillips found that they had ordered their supplies for the year. But among the teachers he had been advocating the use of quarterlies that were scriptural, and a number had commenced to do so.

"There is a certain concern which publishes only sound helps," he explained. "Have you ever noticed the way the Uniform lessons chop off the Scripture passages, frequently, when some important teaching follows, and that these verses are left out altogether? I take a periodical published in California which shows up this tendency on the part of the lesson committee. I believe that we need, more than ever today, to take the entire Word of God and study it, and not content ourselves with certain passages selected by a number of men on a committee. And when many of the comments written for the lessons thus selected, are the expressions of men who actually deny the faith, then I think it is time to call a halt."

And Norma agreed with him. God was wonderfully opening her eyes to every phase of false teaching, and she prayed that wisdom might be given her to guide her class of girls aright. She spent much time, at first, in gaining their confidence, and together they would plan wholesome young peoples' parties in the basement of the church, which gradually came to include all the young people of the church and Sunday School. Miss Langley's class took the lead in all such healthy, Christian gatherings, and the girls were very proud to belong to a class that had such a teacher and leader. They planned hikes and evening picnic suppers for the long summer evenings. Norma possessed the happy faculty of understanding young people, and every day was one long stretch of work which she enjoyed.

The Annual State Conference of the Christian Fundamentals Association was to be held in a distant city in the central part of the state, in June. Phillips received a letter one morning from the president of the state association, fixing the exact dates. He passed it over to Norma, who was instantly all attention.

"This will mean a lot of work for us, Miss Langley," he said, seriously. "It is up to me, as secretary, to notify all the state members. We have just a month ahead of us before the conference meets. Irene and I always go, of course, and this year we are anxious to have you go with us. There is just one thing which sometimes troubles me."

He paused, and she looked at him rather expectantly. "I feel that it is not right that you have no sort of an income," he went on, "but the state funds are not in a condition at present—"

Norma interrupted, not waiting for him to finish: "Please don't, Mr. Phillips," she protested earnestly, "I can afford to trust in the same God who has led me into this work. I still have an account at the bank, and I am not the least bit concerned. You know that the past month has been the happiest of my life thus far. I am looking forward to the State Conference as eagerly as you. Now, tell me, cannot I get out the letters for you, and relieve you of this extra work? Anything, just to be of service." And he gratefully acquiesced, assuring her that she was constantly relieving him of "extra work."

The next day, as though in complete vindication of her faith in God's care, Phillips received a second letter from the state president. As he read it a light broke over his face—silently he handed it to Norma.

The Committee had decided to establish a department for the spread of sound literature in connection with their state work. They wanted to have book tables maintained during the coming Conference, where people might secure sound reading matter and Bibles. They had been interested in the reports Phillips had sent in about Miss Langley's interest in the work. Did he, Phillips, not believe that this same young woman might be able to undertake this work? Was she planning on attending the Conference? If so, they would be very glad to have her consider the matter, and let them know at the earliest possible moment. Miss Langley might keep the profits, and they would be glad to order the first consignment of such literature. So many people really needed to be guided in matters of this kind.

With an added cause for thanksgiving, therefore, Norma gladly accepted. This would be work which she could thoroughly enjoy. The fact that there might not be very much in it at the start did not trouble her. It was a department that was bound to grow with the organization.

They left Brandon together, the day before the Conference began, their hearts full of expectation. The weather was ideal, June at her loveliest, and the trip was enjoyable from first to last. The committee had considerately planned that Norma should be entertained at the same home with the secretary and his wife. To the girl, keen and alive to this wonderful privilege, the Conference was a revelation of blessed fellowship. She reveled in every hour of the sessions, during the entire four days. The meetings began at eight o'clock in the mornings, with a half hour of prayer, and lasted, with short intervals, throughout the day. Some of the talks

were given about conditions in general, but there were many Bible addresses. These were a source of inspiration and stimulus to Norma. Phillips had pretty thoroughly introduced her to almost every form of the prevailing apostasy, and she did not learn much along these lines that was actually new, although her insight into conditions was deepened, and her knowledge of affairs broadened, by the general reports given.

Two outstanding men of national reputation, leaders in the Fundamentalist movement, were the principal speakers. The remainder of the talks were given by men from various parts of the state—men who had in one way or another proved their interest and ability.

One of the things which the Committee stressed was the planning for conferences in towns and cities throughout the state. "It is essential that such conferences be held," said one of the committee members, in making his annual report. "There are multitudes of Christian people who cannot afford to attend the state and national meetings. A large number would not come, even if they could afford it, for they are ignorant of conditions as they actually exist. It is up to the State Committee, therefore, to plan for such meetings to be held locally. Form branches wherever possible. Do not hesitate or grow discouraged because most of the pastors in a town are fighting our movement. We would recommend that such conferences be held in any church that will open its doors, even if the pastor of that church is the only one in town who stands out with a clear-cut message, definitely committed to Fundamentalism. We need not expect the rank and file of the pastors to stand forth for the truth today. A lot of them are cowards who have not the courage of their convictions. We need men

who dare to take an open stand for what is sound, and who refuse to compromise.”

The result of this general report was that the Committee decided to appoint a number of conference directors throughout the state, with a certain territory assigned to each one. It would be the duty of these directors, with the aid of the State Committee, to plan for local conferences wherever opportunity offered. Only men of assured faith would be considered as conference speakers. And it was through Franklin Phillips' influence, as well as by the favorable impression that she herself created, that Norma Langley was appointed as director for conference work in the district where Brandon was located.

The book tables had been a success from the first moment of the Conference. The same absorption in her work that had been her chief characteristic during her work in the parsonage study, was manifested at the Conference. Her studies during the past several months, under the guidance of Franklin Phillips, were a help to her in various ways. She had learned much about the nature of many books, even though there were many which she had not read. She had, previous to her trip to the Conference, studied catalogues which Phillips gave her, until she had become conversant with the publications which were recommended as being sound and helpful. Having always, even from childhood, loved books, she now took a special delight in recommending only those which were sound. There was something wholesome and inviting about this young woman, thought many of the pastors and laymen from all over the state, as they congregated about the tables between the ses-

sions. Her ready intelligence, as they stopped and chatted with her about various subjects, was not the least of her charm. The Committee realized that they had made no mistake.

It was after their return home that Norma Langley's work began in earnest. She not only now assisted Phillips with his state correspondence, and the preparation of a bulletin which had been decided on at the Conference, but she had the additional work as Conference Director. A list of pastors was given her by Phillips—those living in her territory—and she was to write a personal letter to each one.

When Phillips one morning suggested that they hold a Conference in Community Church in the fall, Norma looked up at him with a smile.

“‘Begin at Jerusalem,’” she quoted. “That’s fine. I think this town is a good place to commence. But as I see it now, you will stand practically alone. I don’t know whom else you could interest among the ministers of Brandon.”

Phillips nodded, his lips compressed. “You are right, Miss Langley,” he agreed. “But we will go ahead, just the same, and advertise it well. There are always individuals in all of the churches who will attend such conferences, especially if they are undenominational. The new pastor at the Memorial Church, I know, will fight this thing to the limit. He is an extreme liberal, and very bitter against the Fundamentalists.”

Norma questioned him as to his choice of a speaker, and how long a conference he proposed to hold.

“I have several men in mind,” he replied. “One of them in particular is very highly recommended, but I am not sure that we can secure him. I am writing him

a personal letter today. The Conference will probably last several days."

A week later he informed her that the details of the Conference were just about arranged. He had received a favorable communication from the man he most desired to have—Dr. Paul Hadley, a pastor at Storm Lake.

"I have never met this man, but I understand he has unusual ability," Phillips explained, as Norma read the letter. "While at the State Conference I heard rumors of how he handed it to the pastors of his denomination in the spring. I could not find out much about the details, but I feel that it is God's will for us to have him here. He is a noted chart teacher, and I shall have him bring his charts with him. We want to pray that God will have His way at this Conference. I trust that this will be only a beginning of an annual event in this town."

Because the weather had grown very hot, they had moved the study into the church. It was much cooler there, and they could work with greater comfort. There was much work to be done during the coming days in preparation for the first conference to be held in Brandon, at Community Church.

CHAPTER VI

STORM LAKE

Up among the hills which abounded in the western part of the state nestled the little village of Storm Lake. A more picturesque spot it would have been difficult to find. Just a short distance from the foot of the hills the village stores stood grouped together, the post office in their midst. And as one left the little station in the valley, and followed the trail to the southeast, he found the residence part of the community scattered about, comprising mostly home-like, vine-covered cottages, with here and there an imposing structure dotting the hillside, the well kept grounds attesting the wealth of the owners. A number of city folks had summer homes in this delightful community where Nature had lavished such a world of beauty. It was truly a treasure-spot for an artist.

As one ascended the hill, the beauty of the surrounding country was sure to sink deep into the heart. About a half mile away glistened the waters of the lake from which the village derived its name. In summer this was a delightful place for boating, and in winter, with a frozen surface of crystal ice, it was considered the ideal meeting place for all the youth of the country side, who indulged in the popular sport of skating. The traveler could go far before such another panorama would spread beyond him as it did here at Storm Lake. The view on a clear day could be enjoyed for miles—clumps of timber here and there, groves, farm houses, rich agricultural lands. The gleaming tracks of the railroad

wound away into the distance, suggesting a connection with the outside world. But here was a world all its own, seemingly far from the roar and traffic of the cities.

It was a hot July morning, toward the end of the month, and Storm Lake was bathed in its wealth of sunshine. Up on the crest of one of the hills, facing the east, stood the little church of which Paul Hadley was pastor. It was one of the oldest church buildings in the state, and for years the members had taken pride in keeping vines growing over the cracks and the weather-beaten boards. Just a stone's throw from the Chapel, as it was called, stood the Manse. This name had been given to the cottage by Dr. Hadley's little daughter, Janice.

There was a generous piece of grounds which belonged to the church property, and the Manse stood in the center of this. To the right of the grounds was a stretch of pine timber, which was an inviting spot the year round, especially in summer. During the winter months most of the fuel used in the Manse came from this wooded stretch. About a quarter of a mile away was the new brick schoolhouse which had been erected only a few years before, giving a modern touch to the little community.

On this particular morning Janice Hadley was out in the timber, seated under her favorite tree, her doll lying beside her, a book of stories open in her lap. She was a winsome little creature, who immediately attracted attention—a child about seven years old, serious minded and thoughtful, her sensitive face registering the finer sensibilities of her nature. The wealth of golden curls, tended with loving care each day by Mrs. Ralston, framed the child's face like a halo.

Janice usually came here for an hour or two each morning. Having a vivid imagination, she was passionately fond of stories. This was the occasion for some anxiety on the part of Mrs. Ralston—she did not want the child to become too preoccupied with books. Janice would never have played with her doll, had not Mrs. Ralston insisted upon it. She wanted Janice to remain a child as long as possible and it was the natural, healthy instinct of every little girl to play with dolls. Janice had never been strong, but the air of the hill country had already done wonders for her.

When she finally reached the end of the book, she drew in a long breath, sorry that she had finished. She always lived with the characters in a story. Finally she arose, threw back her curls with a quick little gesture, put on her sun bonnet, and picked up her doll.

“I guess we’ll have to get home to Daddy, Princess Pat”—she was talking to the doll. “I’ve read every word in this book, and I’d like to read it over again, but then we’d be too late for Daddy, and for lunch. Let’s go, Princess.”

As she approached the cottage from the rear, she saw her father sitting in his accustomed place on the screened-in porch. Throughout the summer months this porch served many purposes. During the long days it was Dr. Hadley’s favorite spot for meditation and study, and in the evening it was wont to be used as a sort of sanctuary for father and daughter, after the simple evening meal. Often Mrs. Ralston would join them with her mending, for the light that fell across the hillsides lingered long in that open country. Sometimes Dr. Hadley received members of his congregation here, as they dis-

cussed affairs pertaining to the welfare of the community.

Janice entered the little door, and stood still, watching her father who was absorbed in study, his Bible open before him. Just for a moment she stood there, then went forward. As she tiptoed toward him, a shadow fell across the open page, and the next moment he had her in his arms. It was a striking picture they made, the dark shapely head of the man bending over the child's tumbled curls. It was understood that at any time Janice had the right to come to her father. Hadley never made the mistake of keeping his child at a distance, as some fathers did. But with a rare insight Janice would not take advantage of this privilege. She usually went to him just before lunch, for what she termed her morning hug. She arose later in the morning than her father, had her breakfast in the kitchen with Mrs. Ralston, and then went off to the timber.

As Hadley smiled down into the child's laughing eyes on this July morning, a world of tenderness sprang to his own. He never looked at Janice without having the face of his wife live before him. On his desk, in one corner of the porch, stood a little oval frame, encasing a likeness of his wife, and as one glanced from the pictured face to the child's living one, the resemblance was striking. This man who possessed the power to sway multitudes by his eloquence, was here, in this quiet home, the loving father of his only daughter.

There seemed to be a new yearning in his eyes this morning—on certain occasions such as this, his thoughts went back to the days of his courtship. Mrs. Hadley had loved the summer time in the hill country of Canada. For just a moment he seemed to recall vividly the pain

and bitterness of a certain period in his life. The child's presence at times brought it back most forcibly. But this hour belonged to Janice—he must not let her season with him be clouded. She was much engrossed just now with the all important subject of the Chapel Sunday School picnic. It was the first one at Storm Lake that they would attend, for they had arrived here in October of the previous year.

"Mrs. Kauffman says I may decide where we will have it, Daddy!" she exclaimed, her eyes bright with anticipation. He asked her where she would like to have them go.

"Oh, to Walnut Grove, dearest man!" she cried. "There are such wonderful old trees there. And it's such a nice long ride out and back." So they fell to discussing plans for the event.

Since his return from the Conference at Kalona, Hadley's life had been a strenuous one. He had been pastor of the Storm Lake Chapel now for about ten months, and his preaching had been a revelation to the people of that community. Before his coming here as pastor, the church affairs had been in a precarious condition. Two other churches had been built in the village within the past few years, and many of the former members of the Chapel, preferring that which was modern, had been drifting gradually toward either of these other churches. For some months before Hadley arrived on the field, it had looked at times as though the Chapel services were a thing of the past. Only a few old faithful members had hung on, desperately, determined not to close the doors even though circumstances were against them. The state officers of their denomination had paid little heed to the affairs of Storm Lake

Chapel, believing that its day of usefulness had gone by. They had been without a pastor for six months before Hadley's acceptance of the call, but despite this fact the few faithful members had continued to meet each Lord's Day.

Then one day the oldest member of the Chapel, John Forbes, went for a two weeks' trip to Canada. Some land interests had needed his attention, and when he returned, it was with new hope and expectation in his heart. He immediately called a gathering of the faithful few for a mid-week service in the Chapel, and with wonder in their hearts they responded to this unusual call. Mr. Forbes had been the most depressed member of the Chapel for months.

When they had come together, about a dozen members in all, Forbes actually had a surprise for them. "While I was in Canada I attended services in a little church in the city," he announced, his voice almost quavering, "and there I heard some of the most remarkable sermons I ever heard in my life! A wonderful man, Dr. Paul Hadley, preached as I have never heard a man preach before. He has been supplying that pulpit, but he does not intend to remain there. He wants to come to the States. Brethren, how would you like to have Dr. Hadley for Storm Lake Chapel?"

The members looked at one another incredulously. But Forbes was evidently sure of his triumph, so he waited. One member, a woman, spoke rather scornfully.

"A very promising field here at Storm Lake, I must say, for a man of that caliber!" she exclaimed, voicing almost a unanimous opinion. Forbes merely smiled back at her, and continued.

"Well, I am here tonight to tell you that Dr. Paul Hadley will accept the invitation to Storm Lake to become our pastor, if we extend it to him," he announced, to the complete astonishment of all.

Unlikely as it seemed, the result of the negotiations during the next few weeks was that Dr. Hadley did accept. Former members of the church on the crest of the hill read the announcement on the bulletin board in the post office with little gasps of surprise. A man, with "Doctor" prefixed to his name, accepting a call to the antiquated Chapel? People shrugged their shoulders, and finally gave up trying to solve the problem.

Paul Hadley had various reasons for accepting the call, not the least among which was the longing in the eyes of old, gray-haired John Forbes. The suggestion of a charge in the hill country had also appealed to him. Since his wife's death, a few years before, he had not taken a steady pastorate. He had spent much time in preparation for what he felt was to be the greatest work of his life. At the time of his acceptance of the call to Storm Lake Chapel, he had not been ready for his work as a church teacher, and in just such a charge as this he would likely find much leisure for study. At the same time God could use him in feeding a band of spiritually hungry people. Therefore, after spending several days in prayer, and realizing that this was God's will for him, he allowed John Forbes to carry the good news home to the Storm Lake community.

The village folk never forgot that first morning service, with Paul Hadley in the pulpit. The Chapel was well filled—many, who had not been there for months, coming out of curiosity. They went away marveling and in wonderment. How had the little forlorn remnant of

Chapel members ever accomplished this matter of bringing to their community a man of such culture and refinement? The women instantly fell in love with little Janice, and it was not many weeks before the residents in the village began to refer with pride to "the pastor of our Chapel, Dr. Hadley."

The cultured class of folks, from the larger homes on the hillsides, came regularly each Sunday. Hadley made an especial appeal to the men. Not many weeks had gone by, therefore, before the State Committee began to take notice of what the new pastor at Storm Lake was doing. John Forbes, who acted as local chairman, had written a letter to the State Committee, previous to Hadley's arrival, informing them that the Chapel was to have a new pastor. One of the men on that Committee showed surprise similar to that exhibited by the Storm Lake inhabitants. He wondered, upon receipt of Forbes' communication, what kind of a *Doctor* they were securing for such a neglected charge as the Chapel. A few months later, when the Conference convened at Kalona, they found out what kind of a man he was.

The men stood with Hadley from the first. A number of former members, after they had heard Hadley several times, regretted having taken their letters out of the Chapel. Some of them returned, for they realized that here was a man who had the power of opening up God's Word in a manner that they had never heard equaled by anyone else. There was, of course, some jealousy on the part of certain members of the other churches, while the pastors were inclined to be antagonistic. But Hadley's influence became too strong. Many of the leading people listened to him each Sunday, and this influential element won the day. All underhanded attacks fell down harm-

lessly. While Hadley preached and taught straight gospel truths without fear or favor, and in a manner that proved him to be a master teacher, yet he never antagonized. If other pastors subtly attacked him, he was too big a man to pay any attention to them.

People of the church and community sensed that into the life of this man, at some time or other, there had been some great sorrow, but they respected his silence. He fed them richly on the Word of God, and their own Christian experience grew and developed. He gave them a taste for better things than merely the social pleasures of the world. He showed them in a new way the meaning of the Atonement, and the power of the Resurrection. During the seven months preceding his trip to Kalona he had revolutionized affairs at the Chapel, had enriched the people of the community with new and living truths, and had won for himself a large place in the hearts of many folks who lived all around the country side. Farmers drove in for miles each Sunday to hear him, bringing their families with them.

His cousin, Mrs. Ralston, kept house for them. She had devoted herself to Janice since Mrs. Hadley's death, and out of her motherly heart she lavished a world of affection upon this little girl who had always been dear to her. She had always loved Mrs. Hadley, since the day that her cousin had taken her for his bride, and having known all about the years of suffering which had made a new man out of Paul Hadley, she could follow the leading hand of an all-wise Father. The months of chastening, bitter as they had been, were now bearing their fruit in the souls of men and women who were led nearer to God through this man's ministry at Storm Lake and elsewhere.

Shortly after Hadley's return from the Conference he commenced giving a series of Bible sermons which he had prepared on Prophecy. In connection with these addresses, he made use of charts which he had designed himself, after several years of study. These charts were particularly effective in helping people to a clearer understanding of dispensational truth. In this course of sermons he brought out the teaching of the Premillennial coming of Jesus Christ. He felt that the time had come for his people to begin the study of this precious doctrine. During his first seven months as pastor he had endeavored to lead his people out into a stronger Christian experience, feeding them on spiritual truths that, while essential, were not so deep.

One of the other pastors at Storm Lake was decidedly a preacher of the other school—a man who “spiritualized” everything in the Scriptures. The preaching of this particular doctrine of the Lord's return always aroused his resentment. As long as Hadley had kept away from the subject of Prophecy, he had not come out too strongly in opposition to his preaching, but now the warfare was on.

It was in May that Hadley had commenced his series of sermons. One morning he received a visit, after he had preached the second sermon of the series, from one of his members, Glen Kauffman, who stood high in the estimation of the community. Kauffman greatly admired his pastor.

“You've started something, Doctor,” he said, after the first words of greeting. “Rev. Mr. Connors is much incensed over the present series of topics you are giving us. Every time anyone mentions the Second Coming of

Christ, I understand, it has the same effect as holding a red rag in front of a bull. His own congregation is dwindling, and I don't think he has any love for you, Dr. Hadley."

Hadley glanced up, a light in his eyes. "How do you like the studies yourself, Kauffman?" he questioned. "I'm not at all concerned about what other pastors like or dislike—what I want to know is whether I am making certain Bible truths plain to my own people here. If I am, I am fulfilling my mission."

And when Kauffman assured him emphatically that he was "just more than feeding them on good things," Hadley dropped the subject. He cared little for the opinions of others. Receiving his messages from the Book, as he did these days, and with the consciousness that God had a special work for him in the future, he was content.

It was not long, however, before he was to receive an attack from another quarter, coming from a source outside of the village. In a sense this attack was not entirely unlooked for. Hadley had returned from the Kalona Conference expecting that sooner or later he might hear from state headquarters. And before he had completed his series of addresses on Prophecy it came.

It was John Forbes who received the communication one day from the Chairman of the State Committee. The letter was a masterpiece of cleverness. The Committee, of course, had not the right to dictate who the pastor of their church should be, but as those in authority, and as a group of state men who were in a position to know what was considered best for each local community, they wished to suggest a change of pastors at the Storm Lake charge. In fact, they strongly recom-

mended it. Forbes, in particular, was commended on the way in which he had stood by the faithful band at the Chapel. They deserved the very best in the way of pastors. The State Committee admitted their mistake of the past in not having taken more of an interest in their local affairs, but this would not happen in the future. Forbes could rest assured of that. A guiding hand would be kept on the Chapel hereafter. Forbes, however, was requested to ask Dr. Hadley to hand in his resignation as pastor. If this step was taken at once, the Committee would see to it that a man would be sent to them at once, so that their services need not be interrupted. The members were to realize that the Committee had the best interests of their work at heart, and that there were a number of reasons why they did not consider Dr. Hadley the right man for that field.

To say that John Forbes was overwhelmed with astonishment is putting it mildly. When he entered the kitchen with the open missive in his hand, his daughter looked at him in consternation. It was years since she had seen her father so filled with wrath. In an incoherent way he only partly explained the contents of the letter to his bewildered daughter, and reaching for his hat, he immediately took his way to Glen Kauffman's store. Kauffman was one of the newer members of the Chapel. While he was not a member of the local Board of Trustees, yet Forbes knew instinctively that he was going to the proper man for he was one of the most influential men in the community.

As Kauffman read the letter, he became moved with the same spirit of indignation. Forbes stood waiting anxiously, a worried look on his face. It almost seemed to him as though the bottom had dropped out of things.

“What have they got against him, I’d like to know?” he asked, as Kauffman finished the letter. The light in the store keeper’s eyes boded no good for the Committee member who had written that letter.

“Look at the marvelous way this man of God has been used here at Storm Lake,” Forbes continued. “In eight months he has changed the whole tenor of Christian experience for many folks. I’d like to know what they mean! *Why* do they want a change of pastors? They give *me* credit for bringing the change about, but it was God who sent me to Canada and led me to Dr. Hadley. It is this man, through God’s leading, who has brought about the change. I was only one of the instruments used. Hadley, not the man for the place? Well, who is? If Paul Hadley leaves this place now, the Chapel will be as dead as ever in a few month’s time! It’s just as he often says, people are just a bunch of sheep, easily scattered. I always was afraid this community couldn’t hold him for very long. What do you suppose that letter means, Kauffman? Do you think he’ll have to go just because the Committee says so?”

Kauffman shook his head. “I confess I cannot understand it, John,” he said, “but if there is any trickery connected with this, I’ll sift it to the bottom. Don’t fret about it. Doctor Hadley is not the man to be influenced either by money or position. He will not leave here unless he feels that God is leading him away. But I don’t believe that the Lord had anything to do with the man who wrote this letter. It’s too smooth. Unless I miss my guess, there is some hidden force at work. You must remember, Forbes, we are learning from Dr. Hadley that Satan gets in his work whenever possible. And this sure looks more like some of his work to me, than

the Lord's dealing. You may rest assured that if Dr. Hadley wants to stay here we will keep him, in spite of the State Committee, even if we have to build another church! You leave this matter in my hands, Forbes." And John Forbes, vastly comforted, left the store. He had the utmost confidence in Glen Kauffman's ability to handle this affair.

Kauffman went to the Manse that evening, and laid the whole matter before Hadley. To his surprise, he saw that their pastor was not altogether unprepared for what had come. Feeling that Kauffman had a right to know why Forbes had received such a letter, Hadley told him exactly what had taken place at Kalona.

The upshot of the whole affair was that on the following Sunday morning, Kauffman, acting for John Forbes, called a meeting of the entire membership for an evening during the ensuing week. Hadley would not allow the matter to be brought up at the regular Lord's Day services, and not even a hint of the reason for this called meeting was given. Everyone who was interested was also invited to come. The call aroused a good deal of curiosity and comment, and on the night appointed, every seat in the house was filled and people were standing in the aisles. Hadley preferred a general public meeting. He had asked Kauffman to read the letter which Forbes had received.

After the letter had been read Kauffman wanted to know what the pleasure of the assembly was. Those who were not members, of course, had not the power to vote, but most of the people in the community admired their pastor, and Dr. Hadley preferred having things thrashed out openly. Kauffman explained the real motive which had prompted the writing of that letter by

their State Committee, and the people became indignant. Dr. Hadley, seated on the platform, a solitary figure, felt his eyes grow moist when these people whom he loved, arose as one body, and with instant decision, declared that they wanted no other pastor. It was a touching tribute to him and to his work.

After discussing the situation from every angle, and authorizing Kauffman to officially reply to this letter from the State Committee, they voted that if the Committee still insisted upon having Hadley hand in his resignation, they would immediately consider the building of an independent church. The time had come when those who stood for this man were strong enough to put such a project across.

At the close Hadley spoke very briefly, thanking them for their confidence in him. He greatly appreciated their testimony to his labors among them, and he considered it the highest tribute they could give him. He hoped that it would not be found necessary to take any drastic action, but if it came to this, he asked them to remember that whatever they did should be done in the spirit of Jesus Christ—and the service finally concluded with a season spent in prayer.

When the Committee at headquarters received Kauffman's reply, they were full of wrath, but they realized that for the present, at any rate, their hands were tied. Kauffman had written a letter in unmistakable terms, warning them of the consequences if they went further in this matter, and attempted to force Dr. Hadley's resignation. They faced the unwelcome fact that Hadley was too important a figure, and that any immediate action was out of the question, unless they wished to find

themselves involved still more deeply in an unpleasant situation.

It began to look, however, as though the erection of a new church edifice would sooner or later be a necessity at Storm Lake. The building was always crowded now, even in the hot weather, and with the growing interest manifested in Hadley and his teaching, even the older members who hated most the thought of ever vacating the Chapel, realized that the time was coming, and that shortly, when a larger building would have to go up, if Hadley continued on as their pastor. Accordingly, after the episode of the letter from the State Committee, although no definite plans were formulated, a fund was started for this purpose, and it grew steadily. They had also given Hadley an increase in salary. When he first went to Storm Lake they had been able to pay him only a mere pittance.

It was in August that he received a letter from Kenneth Bascom, informing him that he and his wife would drive down to Storm Lake during the last week in the month. They were to have three weeks' vacation, and were planning to spend part of the time in motoring through the state. Hadley at once sent them word to come and remain at least a week. He and Janice and Mrs. Ralston would prepare to give them a cordial welcome.

Soon after receiving this letter from the Bascoms, he went to the post office one evening to get the daily mail. Nothing further had been heard from the State Committee, and he concluded that they had wisely decided to let him alone. On this particular evening Janice accompanied him, as she often did. She delighted at any time in going to the village with him. It was a sight that

folks living along the hillside had become accustomed to looking for—this little golden-haired girl skipping along by the side of her father. Storm Lake would never again seem like quite the same place if Paul Hadley and his daughter should leave their midst.

As they walked slowly homeward, with the sun sinking over the hills in the west, Hadley carried in his hand the usual evening mail. Among the letters this evening were two in a strange handwriting. During the previous winter he had given a series of addresses in a distant town, using his charts, and he was commencing now to receive letters from various pastors who were interested.

When they reached the Manse, and after he had kissed Janice good night and sent her to bed, he turned his attention to the mail. He opened first the letter that bore the Brandon postmark, and found that it contained an invitation from Franklin Phillips for a meeting to be held in Community Church in September. Phillips told him of his connection with the Fundamentals Association, assured him of the real need of the people in Brandon to have Bible truths presented in a straightforward manner, and mentioned also the fact of the opposition he was facing because of the stand he had taken in his town. Hadley very much appreciated the tone of the letter, and felt it to be a call that carried an opportunity with it. Almost instantly he knew what his answer would be. This was a cry from Macedonia, and he could not refuse.

Then he picked up the other letter, looking with interest at the forceful handwriting. Here a surprise awaited him. Opening it he found a letter from Dr. Leonard Craig, and as he read it, his heart went out in

great thanksgiving to God. The letter ran as follows:

“My dear Brother Hadley:

Doubtless this letter will fill you with surprise, but also with gratitude, I know. If ever a man had cause to rejoice because of a true message gone home, you are that man, my dear brother. Your address at Kalona was not given in vain,—it has borne fruit in the heart of at least one individual,— myself.

For weeks after I returned home I struggled against the influence of your message. I knew you had told the truth, but I would not yield. Satan has constantly attacked me in the most awful manner, and I have had a terrible struggle with my pride. But at last, thank God, the victory has come.

I returned from the Conference to find that God had permitted something to happen in my home which was entirely unexpected, and which has been a source of real grief to me. But this event to which I refer, and which I shall explain at some future time, God used in connection with the message I heard you give at Kalona, to drive conviction home to my heart. I have been anything but a happy man of late, but this week, after days of struggle, I have at last given up. There is much I could write to you, Dr. Hadley, but I am worn out with my struggle. I am going away for a month's rest, but before I go, next Lord's Day morning, come what will, I shall go before my people and make a clean breast of the folly of my past preaching. While I am gone, they may take action. If they prefer one of the new teachers of the day, I shall resign; but if they are willing to return, with me, to the Old Book, I shall continue as their pastor. I ask your prayers for that occasion next Sunday morning, Brother Hadley. You will always be that to me. Six months ago I could not have called you that. Now I can, in the truest sense.

If I return to take up the work again at my present charge, I shall want you for a week's meetings this coming winter. Therefore, you may expect to hear from

me again. Of course I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. May God grant to you many years in your wonderful ministry. If your message helped no one else at the spring Conference, it found lodgment in my own heart. Forever may He use you, Paul Hadley.

Yours for a sounder ministry,

Leonard Craig."

For hours after the stars had come out, and the moon was high in the heavens, Paul Hadley sat on his little porch, letter in hand. The wonderful moonlight of the August night seemed to him only a reflection of the light that filled his soul. His message, after all, had not been given for naught,—Leonard Craig had been brought back to his God, as he himself had been brought back, months before. And in his heart was a reverent thanksgiving, that God could use him so, in spite of the mistakes of the past. Verily the God of the past was the God of the present and of the future, and with Him "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

CHAPTER VII

THE FUNDAMENTALS CONFERENCE

Mrs. Ralston immediately began preparations in the Manse for the arrival of the Bascoms. Even Janice was in a state of anticipation. Things were surely happening at Storm Lake, thought the child. Last week there had been that wonderful picnic at Walnut Grove. The ladies on the picnic committee had agreed weeks before that Janice was to decide the place, and the little girl had felt eager and important about the event. All the world of Storm Lake adored the child, especially the mothers. Had she not been so carefully guarded by Mrs. Ralston, it would have been an easy matter to spoil her. And now, on top of everything else, they were to have company at the Manse!

Their guests motored in to Storm Lake on the last Monday evening in August, Bascom having preached his final sermon at his own church for several weeks. Mrs. Bascom was a very quiet woman, not having much to say, but evidently wrapped up completely in her husband. She and Janice were to become good friends during the ensuing week, and before the first evening was over they had planned some long walks together. Janice agreed to show her all her favorite corners about the country side.

It was Kenneth Bascom, however, who in his boyish manner went into ecstasy over the scenery surrounding Storm Lake. "It is the most wonderful country I have yet discovered in this State, Dr. Hadley" he exclaimed, as they sat together on the porch after their first meal.

Mrs. Ralston had outdone herself in the preparations for her cousin's guests. "I doubt if I should have believed anyone if they had told me that such a wealth of beauty could exist this side the Rockies. Wife and I went out there on our wedding trip, and of course we enjoyed it, but you have something here just as artistic, if not quite so magnificent."

This visit was the beginning of a bond of sympathy which was established between the two men. During the week that followed, Bascom often had cause to marvel at the wealth of knowledge, and the insight into the Scriptures possessed by this man. His whole after life was to be influenced by the fellowship enjoyed in the Manse during these days and hours with Hadley. He began to think reluctantly of the day when they would leave. The time was going all too rapidly.

Hadley had told them of his invitation to Brandon, and of his acceptance of the call. He was to leave the following week, the day after his guests would take their departure. The two men were discussing this event on Thursday morning, when Bascom suddenly had an idea. He leaned forward rather eagerly:

"I am half inclined to persuade my wife to change her mind, with me, and plan to go down to Brandon, and hear you give your chart talks, Dr. Hadley!" he exclaimed. "We can take pleasure trips any time, but it's not every day that we can enjoy a feast of good things such as I know we would get at the Conference. And if we decide to go to Brandon, instead of finishing our trip immediately, you can motor with us to Brandon."

Hadley liked the idea, and he nodded. "I'm sure Phillips will be glad to have you," he said, "and it goes without saying that I shall appreciate your presence.

You have your life before you, Bascom,—you have not wasted years in miserable false preaching, as I did. God knows I have regretted many times my folly of the past, but God is even using my bitter experience of former years, in helping to keep people true to the Book, and in turning others back to God. So He can bring good out of seeming evil and wrong. You remember Dr. Craig at the Conference, of course.” And as the young fellow nodded, keen and eager, Hadley told him of the letter he had received the week before.

Bascom was much moved. Not even to Bascom, however, could Hadley unfold the entire story of his past life. The younger man sensed that a certain chapter of Dr. Hadley’s life was not for discussion,—some hidden sorrow was kept back in a closed and guarded chamber of his heart, too sacred to be revealed. What a reserve force of strength and power was locked up in the life of this unusual man! But beyond what Hadley chose to tell him, he did not seek to go. He felt that God had been good to him in granting him the friendship and guiding influence of this man, as he himself stood on the threshold of his life’s ministry.

At Brandon, meanwhile, plans had been under way for several weeks, for the Conference which was to be held at Community Church. Norma asked Phillips, early in August, if he did not intend to take a vacation that year. He shook his head, smiling a little.

“I don’t see how I can spare the time,” he replied. “Irene suggested the same thing to me the other day. I told her it was impossible for me to get away. When I said that I would have to consider our trip to the State Conference as my vacation, this year, she reminded me that I worked as hard at those meetings as I did at

home. We nearly always take a trip to her mother's some time during the summer. I want her to go after these meetings are over, but she refuses to go without me."

Phillips had prepared a well-written article for the "Republic," the weekly paper which came out every Saturday in Brandon. This article, announcing the coming meetings thoroughly, and containing also an explanation of the Fundamentals work of the State, came out four days before the Conference was to commence. Phillips also stated that a local branch of the State work would be organized in Brandon.

It was well that his write up was extensive, for as it turned out it was the only announcement regarding the meetings which appeared in the "Republic." Circumstances were to work most effectually against any further advertising of this sort. The opposing faction, standing squarely against Phillips and his work, had a strong leader in the person of Rev. Henry Vonnell, the new pastor at Memorial Church. And it happened that one of the leading members of Vonnell's church was the editor of the newspaper.

Of course it was too late for the opposition to retaliate in the same issue. Not knowing the feeling of wrath and resentment that burned in the heart of Henry Vonnell, the editor had allowed the entire article to go through just as Phillips had handed it to him. To him it was simply a news item, of general interest, he supposed, to the entire community.

In addition to the newspaper announcement, Norma assisted Phillips in preparing some handbills which were freely circulated about the town. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that the meetings were undenominational

in character, and that friends from other churches were welcome.

The Sunday following the appearance of the press notice, Vonnell came out in a strong public denunciation of a certain pastor in their town who was endeavoring to cause a division among the members of other churches. He referred in no uncertain terms to the Fundamentalist movement, and stated that he considered it the greatest evil of the day in religious circles. The adherents of this movement, he informed them, were a pack of busybodies, who attended to the affairs of everyone else but their own.

Even the members of Vonnell's church, who considered themselves fortunate in having secured this man for pastor of Memorial Church, were somewhat surprised at the vehemence of this outburst. Vonnell went on to state that this man, Dr. Paul Hadley, who was so thoroughly advertised in Brandon (this was a thrust in the direction of the editor of the paper), was anything but loyal. He had tried to cause a revolution in the ranks of his own denomination at the Spring Conference, and a man who did this sort of a trick deserved to be classed with traitors of the lowest order. This was the man, he pointed out, who was to speak during the coming week at Community Church. Vonnell wanted his people to distinctly understand that while they were at liberty, of course, to do as they pleased about attending the sessions, that this Conference, and the men behind it, would receive no recognition from him in any way. He put himself on record as standing absolutely against so-called Fundamentalism.

"And if you want to see church unity in this town

which you love," he finished, "you will take the same attitude in this matter that I am taking."

This publicity, to a certain extent, brought the matter of the Conference meetings before the attention of the people of Brandon as nothing else could have done. For several days, following this vehement protest from Vonnell's pulpit, it was the principal subject of conversation. A few of the more independent members of Memorial church decided to attend the Conference at least once, in order to see just what kind of a man this Paul Hadley really was. Most people possess a strain of curiosity and, after all, it was their privilege to go where they would. Certain members of the congregation, on the other hand, would have been indignant if they had been invited to go after hearing their pastor's unmistakable verdict. They would be loyal to their church and pastor above everything else. And why have a pastor, if not to have him advise and direct in spiritual matters? They were proud of the fact that their new pastor was modern in his views.

The Conference was to open on Wednesday afternoon, and the party from Storm Lake would arrive on Tuesday. Hadley had written that the Bascoms would accompany him, and because they had plenty of room in the parsonage, Phillips wrote back at once that he and Mrs. Phillips would expect all of them to remain with them during the meetings.

Norma had received a number of letters from pastors in her district regarding Conference work. Several of them invited her to come to their churches at the earliest opportunity. She had replied to these letters, stating her willingness to do so, just as soon as the Brandon Conference had closed. She felt the

mighty forces of evil working against this movement, and realized that the warfare must be waged relentlessly. The opposition that they were receiving from men like Vonnell only convinced her the more thoroughly how very necessary their work was. This was truly a day when those who stood forth with a clear testimony need not expect anything save persecution and antagonism.

Several times she had found herself wondering about the man who was to come among them as teacher. They were to have a three days' conference, with afternoon and evening services. One of Dr. Hadley's series contained six addresses, illustrated by his charts. Phillips found that his church members were very keen and enthusiastic about the coming meetings.

On Tuesday noon, as they finished attending to some correspondence, Phillips turned to Norma with a smile. They had moved back into the parsonage study, for the weather had grown somewhat cooler. "Everything else on this desk can wait for the present, Miss Langley," he declared with decision; "you have worked hard, and we are going to give ourselves unreservedly to these meetings. Our work we have with us always—it is never ending—but it is not every day that we can enjoy a Bible Conference. In spite of the battle that is on in this town against truth and the Word of God, I am confident that we are about to have a season of great blessing. Not the least of my satisfaction is the consciousness that the people here will have a new experience. So put your work aside. The only thing we will look after is the daily mail and if anything comes that needs immediate attention we'll take care of it. The rest can wait until Monday."

Norma's glance wandered about the room. When she spoke it was softly. "This little study . . . how I love it!" she exclaimed. "All right, Mr. Phillips, you are commander-in-chief. I shall obey orders. But I know I shall be ready for work again next Monday. This week a season of fellowship,—next week service. A necessary combination." And he agreed.

Norma was to remain for the six o'clock supper that evening. On one occasion Mrs. Phillips had suggested that the girl might just as well live with them at the parsonage. But Norma would not make any change. She hoped the day might come when she would be able to win Helena Rossiter to a higher plane of living.

Near the end of the afternoon she was in the living room, reading, when she heard the chug of the motor outside. She had helped Mrs. Phillips for an hour after lunch with the preparations for supper. Everything was in readiness, and now they had arrived. Phillips went out to meet them. After the introductions were over Mrs. Phillips took them at once to their separate rooms,—for of course they would want to rest and change after their trip. It had not rained for some weeks and the roads were clouded with dust. In a few minutes she was downstairs again, and after expressing a favorable opinion of the newcomers, went to put the finishing touches to the supper.

In one of his letters to Hadley, Phillips had briefly told of the invaluable assistance he was receiving from a certain Miss Langley, who had become much interested in the Fundamentals work of the State. Hadley, however, had felt only a passing interest. Several definite experiences in his life stood out rather sharply, and since his wife's death he had encased himself with an

armor of reserve. There was always a deference and courtesy in his attitude toward women, but that was all.

It was an enjoyable evening which the six of them spent together. The cheerful dining-room, with its bouquets of garden flowers scattering their fragrance throughout the rooms, the windows open, into which came the shouts of children at play, and the atmosphere of Christian hospitality pervading the entire home,—Hadley sensed all this. Mrs. Phillips had decided that nothing short of a fried chicken supper must be served, and before the first evening had ended, the man realized that he had had the good fortune to enter an ideal home.

Norma at first said little, but when she did speak, Hadley was conscious of her quick intelligence, her splendid vitality, and her utter unconsciousness of self. He found himself studying her rather critically at first, then with a sense of growing favor. In this ideal type of young womanhood, Franklin Phillips had evidently found an intelligent assistant. Whenever the conversation turned upon Fundamentalism, he noticed her suppressed eagerness. This interesting girl was thoroughly absorbed in her work, and she loved it. In her entire attitude there was not the faintest trace of that self-consciousness which he had learned to dread in so many women he met. When she spoke to him she was as natural as though she had known him for years. It served to put him at his ease as nothing else could have done.

For a while after supper Mrs. Phillips played for them, then a season of prayer and fellowship was suggested, and Hadley felt that it was an ideal preparation for the meetings which would begin on the morrow. When the hour finally began to grow late, Kenneth Bascom considerately offered to drive Norma home in his

car. She had taken an immediate liking to this young couple,—they seemed to be so genuinely sincere and wholesome.

The following morning Hadley and Phillips had a long talk about conditions in Brandon. It was then that Hadley learned the name of the new pastor at Memorial Church, and the fact that he had been the leader in the bitter opposition which had been shown toward the coming meetings. Feeling that Phillips had a right to know the circumstances, Hadley recounted his experience of several months before at Kalona. He also told him of the encouragement he had received in the letter of a few weeks ago from Dr. Craig.

"It was worth the effort," he concluded, "just to see a man of Craig's position and influence come out. And Bascom is another young chap whom I am thankful for. There is no telling what the critics might have done to him in the next few years. I tell you, Phillips, it is heart-breaking to see the inroads being made everywhere."

Hadley did not spare himself. He told his story to Phillips very much as he had told it at Kalona. And as the other man listened, he realized as others did, that here was a man of unusual strength of character and purpose,—a strong man, with a powerful message.

About the details of the Fundamentalist movement Hadley knew little, but as he listened to some of the things which Phillips told him, he became much interested. The conviction grew upon him, that this man, through his connection with the State work, was in close touch with conditions as they actually existed; a man who understood thoroughly how far the apostasy had gone in its devastating effect on the Christian life of the nation. Phillips admitted that he was not a Bible

teacher in the strictest sense of the word. He saw, therefore, how they could become a help to each other. He urged Hadley to consider an organization in Storm Lake in the near future.

"We need your influence in this work, Dr. Hadley," he remarked. "And we'd like to have your people up there line up with us. Our hope today lies in banding ourselves together against the enemy." Hadley agreed to think it over.

Norma was spending part of the forenoon at home, the first one she had spent with Helena in months. Mrs. Rossiter steadily refused to accompany Norma to Community Church. The girl could only resort to prayer, hoping that the time would come when Helena would see things differently.

Helena had been approached by Dr. Frahm one Sunday, several weeks before, and since that time had taken a decided aversion to any mention of Community Church. Frahm had talked to her about Phillips. He had been much disappointed that Norma had not continued to attend church with the Rossiters.

On this occasion he called Mrs. Rossiter aside. "I sincerely trust," he said, "that you will not permit this Miss Langley to draw you away from our membership. Last Monday morning the Ministerial Association was obliged to listen to a half-hour's harangue from this peculiar pastor of Community Church. He is a thorough pessimist. I cannot understand how an intelligent young woman like Miss Langley can enjoy his preaching. We should very much dislike to have you influenced to leave our fellowship here." And Helena assured him that his fears were groundless.

Norma, of course, spoke of the coming Conference, but because Helena disliked to have the subject mentioned, she did not stress the point. On one occasion she reminded Norma that, as she was leaving her free to follow her own choice of church fellowship, Norma should show the same consideration for her. And Norma realized that at present she could accomplish nothing along this line. Helena was obstinate.

"Dr. Frahm suits me perfectly, Norma," she assured her friend, "and I refuse to be disloyal to my own church and pastor. I do not care to hear this man Phillips, especially after what Dr. Frahm told me about his address before the ministers. I do not like freaks. And I'm not at all interested in the coming Conference."

While Norma longed to ask Loren to go, she felt that it would only widen the breach which was growing between herself and Helena. Therefore she contented herself with a brief word one night at supper. She had brought home some of the printed announcements. Loren read one of them, glanced at his wife, but said nothing. He did not want to start anything. He was troubled at the way his wife treated Norma, for he had liked the girl from the start. Vaguely he sensed the fact that Norma possessed something which he and Helena lacked.

There had been a hope in Norma's heart that her brother Robert would come to Brandon for a visit before the close of his vacation, but early in August she had received a letter from him in which he stated that he would hardly be able to make it. He had been spending the summer on a ranch in the West, and he would not return to his school in the East before the middle of September. The fact that he could not come as planned had

been a source of disappointment to the girl. He had not blamed Norma for taking the stand she had taken in regard to leaving Dr. Craig's home, for she was doing right in acting according to her convictions. While Bob was not as thoroughly consecrated as his sister, yet Norma fully believed that the day would come when God would bring him out into a more definite Christian experience. She had written him about the coming meetings, explaining her connection with the Fundamentalist movement, and expressing her contentment in her new work.

The first session of the Conference would begin at two o'clock that afternoon, and about noon the girl went over to the church. She knew that the men would be putting up the charts, and she was eager to see them. Some of the books which she handled at her book tables, and a number of which she had been studying, had smaller charts in them, and they had been of special help to her in mastering dispensational truth. Her books were to be on sale during this Conference. The State Committee had requested that wherever these Conferences were held, good Gospel literature should be sold.

Just as Dr. Hadley appealed to everyone who stood for the truth of the Word, so he interested Norma. There was no romantic nonsense about this young woman, with her high ideals. Wrapped up as she was at present in her work, she simply regarded Dr. Hadley as one whom God had sent to Brandon at this time to open up the Word to a people who needed it. Therefore, in a way which completely disarmed Hadley, she plied him with questions about his charts, and they became immediate friends. Once or twice he found himself referring to Janice, who had been disappointed

because she could not accompany them on this trip. Pulling out of his pocket a likeness of the child, he showed it to Norma. It was a snapshot, taken one day by himself in their garden at home.

Norma looked at it, her eyes shining. "Oh," she exclaimed, "isn't she a dear! It is too bad that you could not bring her. Does she never go with you on your trips?"

He shook his head. "No," he replied. "Mrs. Ralston, my cousin, thinks it would not be good for her. She is just like a mother to the child. Besides, school commences this coming week, and we could not allow her to be away. Mrs. Bascom wanted her to come, but we felt that it was best for her to remain at home."

Phillips and Bascom had gone over to the Parsonage for step-ladder and tools. Now they returned and the work went on. It was in the afternoon, however, after they had formed a local branch of the State organization, and Hadley had commenced his first address, that Norma awoke to a realization of the manner of man God had sent into their midst.

The church was well filled. Of course the attendance at the evening sessions would be larger, but this first turnout was gratifying. When the people left the church at the close of the first session they did so with the consciousness that, veritably, a master teacher had come among them. It was the most complete revelation that had ever come to the people of Brandon as to just how interesting Bible study could be made.

From the start he took their hearts by storm, and held their attention to the close. He made no reference whatever to conditions in other churches, but devoted himself exclusively to Bible teaching. People who had come

out of curiosity, and others who had attended only to find flaws, had to admit that here was a master. He used Scripture passages constantly, proving every point he made by reference to God's Word, sending the truth home in such a manner that they were forced to conviction. His use of the charts helped to fix many truths in the minds of those who listened as no other method could have done. Franklin Phillips had made no mistake, they were sitting at the feet of a real teacher.

As Norma sat with note book and pencil, taking down rapidly each new thought that he was presenting in such a forceful manner, she had a vision of future Conferences. Just as these Brandon folks were listening with utter absorption to the teachings of this man, so the time would come when thousands of people in other cities and towns would hang upon the words that fell from the lips of Paul Hadley. She had never before heard anything like it. The best thing about the service was Hadley's entire consecration to Jesus Christ, his reverence for and exaltation of the Word, and the manner in which he lifted these people out of themselves into a higher conception of God and His great plan and purpose throughout the ages.

At the conclusion of the service the girl felt no desire to talk. She was close to tears. When Hadley came back to the book tables finally, and glanced interestedly over her literature, he sensed the girl's emotion. While others were surrounding him and pouring forth their approval and commendation, Norma said nothing. Instinctively he respected her silence.

In the evening he gave his address on the actual return of Jesus Christ. The studies which Norma had taken during the summer, under the direction of Phillips,

had been foundational. Now she realized as never before the importance of the doctrine, and its place in the plan and purpose of God. He warned them of certain classes of people who were in the habit of fixing dates for the Lord's return, urging them to read God's Word for themselves and discover that the setting of any dates whatsoever was strictly forbidden. He explained that this time-setting was the work of the enemy, and that in this way much mischief had been done by bringing the doctrine into disrepute. He made plain the fact that, while one *might* be a Fundamentalist without being a premillennialist, *all* the premillennialists were Fundamentalists. He also showed the difference between pre- and post-millennialism. A Premillennialist, he told them, is a man or woman who is looking for Jesus Christ to come before the Millennium, in fact, at any moment. The postmillennialists, however, hold that the church will usher in the Millennium, and that then Christ will return. In a manner that left no further room for argument, he showed the falsity of this latter view.

Just before he closed, he advised the people who knew nothing of the study of this doctrine to look over the literature in the rear. There need be no excuse for ignorance in the study of God's Word. What the Christian people needed was a return to the Bible, and there were many dispensational books which were sound and helpful.

Several people had asked Phillips to institute a question hour at the close of Hadley's addresses, and as they thronged forward, Norma realized anew how thoroughly heart-hungry these people were for the truth.

It proved to be a great season of spiritual awakening. At the close of the second evening's service, Phillips

heard on every side of him regrets that there would be only one more day of the Conference. The church had been crowded to its capacity, both the auditorium and Sunday School room being filled to overflowing. Such meetings were a revelation even to Franklin Phillips; he simply stood back and watched the manifestation of the power of God.

In spite of opposition and antagonism, which were keen and bitter, the people came from other churches. They came because they were learning precious truths from God's Word. It simply proved, as has been proven many time before in the history of the church, that what many people are longing for are the truths contained in the old Book. And because this Book was honored and uplifted, it turned out to be a *revival* in the real sense.

They crowded around Norma's tables, before and after sessions, asking that she advise them in regard to the best books and pamphlets to secure for further study. In the light of this new revelation and illumination that had come into their lives through the coming of Paul Hadley to Brandon, they wanted to learn how to study the Bible more comprehendingly.

With an untiring patience Norma assisted them. Chief among her books was a large one on dispensational truth, written by one of the outstanding Fundamentalist preachers of the country; it contained many charts, and God had greatly used this book in connection with deep Bible study. Her recommendation of it was strong.

One incident which took place on Friday night pleased Norma very much. After the session had opened, Loren Rossiter came in. He gave a glance in Norma's direction and, with a nod, took his place with a number of men standing against the wall in one of the aisles, all the seats

having been taken. She answered his nod with a smile, her heart rejoicing.

The Conference was scheduled to close on this night. And yet, it was the conviction of many hearts that this work had only commenced. At the parsonage, early that evening, they had been discussing the situation. The very thought of closing the Conference was unwelcome to Phillips, and others felt the same. But Hadley was supposed to be back in Storm Lake in time for his own services on the Lord's Day.

It was while Mrs. Phillips was singing a special number, and before Hadley had commenced his address, that Norma noticed that he and Phillips were conferring together. After his wife had finished, Phillips arose.

"Many people have been anxious to have these meetings continue," he announced. "We have not yet decided whether this will be possible, but if it is God's will for Dr. Hadley to remain, then these meetings will continue for a week longer. There will be no meeting tomorrow. If Dr. Hadley remains over, he will preach on Sunday morning. But if this cannot be arranged, then he has promised us he will return in the near future, for a longer period."

After the service was over that night, Phillips requested Norma to come to the parsonage for a season of prayer and conference together. The girl looked around for Loren, but he had disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOUR IN THE STUDY

The revival which Phillips had been praying for had at last begun. It was an earnest little group, who only wanted to plan and act for the best, that gathered in the living-room at the Parsonage for an hour's discussion. In addition to the Bascoms and Dr. Hadley, several officers of the church were present. After a season spent in prayer for guidance, Phillips spoke.

"While my faith was large in connection with these meetings, still I will have to admit that I was not prepared for such a wonderful manifestation. It is simply an over-abundance of the goodness of God. We realize that you have not made preparations with your own people to remain longer than these three days, Dr. Hadley, still I cannot help but wish that some way could be found by which you could remain for another week,—God's Spirit has been working in such a marvelous manner." Hadley, seated in a deep chair, finally looked up.

"I'm glad that you are giving God the glory for this," he said. "I realize that the people want me to stay, and if it is God's will for me to remain, I would not wish to leave. Of course my congregation would have made arrangements for me to stay longer, had I known it ahead, but the time is rather short now. I hardly know how to answer you, Phillips." One of the men made a suggestion.

"We would be glad to furnish you with funds sufficient to secure a supply for your church for the coming Sunday, Dr. Hadley," he offered. "I feel with our

pastor here that it would be stopping this work at the source if you should leave now. We are in the midst of the biggest revival of Bible study that this town has ever seen, and I've lived in Brandon for over forty years. Two or three weeks would not be too long for such a work as we have on our hands right now."

Up till this present moment Norma had not spoken. But an idea was slowly forming in her mind. "Would it not be possible for Mr. Bascom to fill your pulpit for one Sunday?" she asked. "I feel confident that God would use him, Dr. Hadley. Your people surely could not object if they knew how God was working here." Bascom raised his hand rather deprecatingly.

"I'd be glad enough to go, Miss Langley," he returned. "The suggestion occurred to me, but I don't feel worthy of filling the pulpit of such a man. Although I'd be willing to do anything on earth that God wanted me to do, especially for Dr. Hadley."

Phillips, however, grasped at the suggestion. The idea appealed to all of them. Bascom had still two more Sundays away from his own church. Hadley felt that this would be a satisfactory arrangement; besides it would be an opportunity for Bascom,—and it was finally arranged that Bascom would substitute for Dr. Hadley at Storm Lake for the two following Sundays. It would be necessary for Hadley to return to his home on the morrow with the Bascoms, in order to arrange matters with his people and to secure some things which he would need during his longer stay in Brandon. He could return on the afternoon train. The meetings at Community Church, therefore, would continue for a period of two weeks longer.

When Norma reached home that night, she found Loren still up. Helena had gone to bed. Loren told her

that he considered Hadley's talk the best he had ever heard a man give anywhere.

"I only wish Helena would go with me, Norma," he said, and the girl caught the wistful note in his voice; "but it's no use to ask her; she'd never give in. I cannot leave her every evening. She does not know where I went tonight. I merely told her I was going to town. I surely don't blame you for going where you hear such talks as that! She thinks Frahm is all right, but she just ought to hear that man Hadley; I'll go every chance I get."

She had told him about the arrangements just made for the meetings to continue. Her heart ached for him. Helena was proving to be a veritable stumbling block to her husband. She had developed a prejudice against Community Church and its pastor that simply would not be shaken.

Hadley had returned from Storm Lake on Saturday, and reported that everything had been satisfactorily arranged. The meetings in Brandon not only continued in interest, but they increased in power. Men and women were converted without any outward manifestation, seated in the pews with their Bibles open before them. Many who had not looked inside a Bible for years, had returned in allegiance to their God and Creator. And, like the prophets of old, this man led these hungry hearts out into green pastures where they were richly fed. God had for months been using Franklin Phillips to prepare the way for the coming of Paul Hadley. He possessed the supreme gift of teaching. They found him approachable, kindly, always at their service, glad at any time to answer perplexing questions that might arise. Passages which had been obscure and doubtful to many

believing hearts, were cleared up by the clear explanations that Hadley gave them.

On a certain morning during the following week Phillips had gone out to make some necessary parish calls. Shortly after he had left the house, Hadley went downstairs to the study to look over the mail that had just come in. Going to the desk he picked up the large bundle to select what belonged to him. He found a number addressed to himself, including one in childish handwriting from Janice. He noticed how very many out of the entire budget were addressed to Miss Langley. Evidently she possessed quite an extensive correspondence. Most of them were from pastors, he felt sure. Coming down to the end of the pile he stopped short, and stared in perplexity at a certain handwriting, on an envelope addressed to Norma. Surely it was a familiar hand. He could not help wondering where he had seen it before. But he could not place it.

Instead of taking his mail upstairs to open, as he usually did, he dropped into the easy chair. It was seldom he found the study deserted at this hour of the morning, for Phillips and his assistant had been obliged to abandon their resolution to let all work stand until the Conference was over. The continuance of the meetings had made it necessary that some time each day must be spent in the study, or their work would have gone beyond them.

It was very pleasant in here, this September morning, with the windows open and the sunshine streaming in. He read his business letters first, keeping the one from Janice until the last. It was soon after he had finished reading the child's loving epistle, and as he sat there with the picture of Janice in his hand, that the door opened

and Norma came in, her cheeks glowing as a result of her walk across the town. She nodded a bright good-morning, and went at once to the desk for her mail. Hadley found himself perfectly at his ease. As he lay back in his chair he watched her through half closed lids. In this day of artificial women, it was refreshing to meet one woman as natural and self-possessed as Norma Langley. No need for Hadley, when in her presence, to throw up his armor of reserve.

She ran her glance quickly over all of the envelopes before she opened any of them. Evidently she was used to handling them in a businesslike manner. When she came to the letter near the end of the pile,—the one, Hadley noticed, that had perplexed him,—she uttered a little exclamation, tossed everything else aside, and, opening the envelope, devoured the contents.

When she had finished, she seemed unaware that another person was in the room. Hadley watched her, fascinated at first, and then as the tears came to her eyes, feeling sure that he was intruding, he started to rise. But she shook her head, and motioned for him to stay where he was.

"Please don't pay any attention to me, Dr. Hadley," she said. "I know that I am the happiest girl in Brandon this morning! This letter means everything to me. God is surely good. After all, it pays a hundredfold to stand true to your convictions."

She had gone to the window, but after a moment she turned about and faced him. She had gained control of herself again. Watching her, Hadley realized that she had reached some climax in her life. He was more interested than he had been for a long time. He saw that

something had touched her very deeply. She was not the kind of a girl to be stirred over a light matter.

She had taken her usual seat, her chin in her hands, and with her elbows on the desk in front of her, looked straight across at him, her eyes shining like twin stars. Her next words, however, completely mystified him.

"And to think, Dr. Hadley, that *you* were the instrument that God used!"

She uttered the words very softly, her voice full of emotion. Hadley regarded her steadily, not trying to fathom her meaning.

"I confess, Miss Langley," he replied, "that I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about." She laughed, a pure, unaffected sound, full of its note of joy.

"No, of course not!" she answered. "You could not know, but I am so glad I can explain now, some things I could not explain before. Perhaps you will have a little more light when I tell you that Dr. Leonard Craig is my uncle!"

Hadley uttered an exclamation. It was the last thing he had expected. This girl the niece of Leonard Craig! Instantly he could see a reason for her present gladness. Phillips had told him as much about the girl's coming to Brandon as he knew himself, but since her arrival she had steadily clung to her first resolution that she would not disclose her uncle's identity. Now, of course, things were different.

Up until the present moment Hadley had not thought much about the matter, except in a general way. Now he was deeply stirred. This revelation was bringing things pretty close home. He also realized, with swift insight, another fact. Craig had said, in his letter to him, that upon his arrival home from Kalona, he had been met

with an unexpected grief of some sort. Now he felt sure that Norma's departure had been the event referred to. Leaning forward in his chair, his heart responded fully to her mood. "Yes, Miss Langley," he said, "I can understand your cause for rejoicing. I knew about the courageous stand that you had taken for the sake of your convictions, but of course I had no way of knowing who your uncle was. I believe this is a turning point in the life of Dr. Craig. I received a letter from him several weeks ago, bearing the same news that he has evidently written to you. I rejoice with you, and can well understand how this lifts a great burden from your heart."

Neither of them felt like leaving the study just then. Hadley wanted to talk for a while to this girl whose spirit was so indomitable, and who possessed such a high courage and such rare convictions. The pile of letters lay for a while unopened and unread, as they discussed first one thing and then another. This incident, the revelation that Norma was Dr. Craig's niece, and that Paul Hadley had been the means used of God in showing Dr. Craig whither he was drifting, was a tie that bound them together in a closer bond of friendship than months of mere acquaintance could ever have done.

He talked to her for a while about the circumstances connected with his memorable address at the Ministerial Forum, including his brief talk with Dr. Craig, and the girl's eyes were moist when he finished. In addition to much that he had confessed at Kalona, he also unfolded to her things in his life that he had never disclosed to anyone else since his wife had passed away.

He asked her, first, if she cared to hear about some of the experiences in his early life. She assured him that she did. She did not sense then, as she did later, the personal appeal this man was making to her. She had no desire to talk herself. She felt that she could listen for hours. He was giving her a glimpse into the past which was sacred to him, notwithstanding that it was tinged with sorrow and bitterness because he vividly recalled his wasted years.

"My wife was a beautiful woman, Miss Langley," he said, and Norma knew that he was living again in the past. "When we were married, among the hills of Canada where she was raised as a girl, it was the dream of both our lives that I was to prepare for the Christian ministry. Her father had been a man of God, a clergyman who had stood true to the faith until his death, and it had always been his one desire that his daughter should some day marry a man who would not only stand true to the old Book, but one who would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"I entered a Bible School and remained there two years. Then one day the tempter came in the form of a clergyman who occupied a city pulpit,—a man who was preaching higher criticism, and who denied the inspiration of the Bible. He informed me that God expected a man to be at his best, but that I was burying my talents, and hiding my light under a bushel. He assured me at the same time that if I would take a course in the University from which he had graduated, my preparation would be more thorough and complete. He fed me upon flattery, told me I was a brilliant man, and with a promising future before me, it seemed wrong for me to have to fritter away my life in some little back-

woods church. If I still persisted in gaining my education in a Bible School, however, this is just about what would happen to me. Students turned out of such schools today were not recognized by the leading denominations. It was a day of progress and education."

He paused a moment, then after a slight hesitation he continued. "If only I had listened to my wife at this time, I would never have swallowed the bait handed me, but that is the period in my life I most bitterly regret today, a period when I accused her of trying to hinder my progress and stand in the way of a useful career. I loved my wife, Miss Langley, but I was blinded, and I refused to listen to her. I can see now that it was a selfish love. I wanted power and applause. Other pastors were getting into places of prominence in the pulpit and I refused to stay in the old ruts.

"I do not want to weary you with a detailed account of the years that followed. When my wife knew that my decision was not to be shaken, she stopped her pleading. Today I look back and realize that in my blind folly I put from me the advice of the dear woman God had given me, and went headlong into infidelity. I had not been in the University more than a year before my faith was shaken to its foundations. I came out of that institution, backed up as it is with Modernistic teaching and liberalism, and was rated as one of their most promising men.

"Some of these facts I have disclosed before, regarding my drift into infidelity, but I have never made any allusion to my wife, or to what she suffered on my account. I could never bare those things to the public, Miss Langley."

The girl, sitting before him, drinking in every word, stirred only once, and then it was to wipe away her tears. She did not dare trust herself to speak. He went on.

“Mrs. Hadley steadily refused to take any part in church work. Even though I never in any way neglected her, yet her health failed gradually. This false teaching of mine sent her into seclusion. The people of my congregation were always solicitous, but I gave them to understand that for certain reasons they need not expect my wife to take part in the affairs of the church. In a physical sense she was not an invalid, but she was sick at heart, and I realize today that because I, her husband, had departed from the faith of her Fathers, she went to an early grave. I am not sparing myself in this confession to you, Miss Langley. In one sense it is a relief to unburden myself to someone who I feel sure will understand. Our little Janice was only five years old when Mrs. Hadley passed away. God had to use a very severe trial to bring me back to himself.

“I was preaching in a certain province in Canada, in the same city where Dr. Jordan of our present Conference had a pastorate. At that time I stood at the very height of my ministry, as far as influence and power went, popular, applauded, and winning the laurels of men. One day our family physician came to me and gravely informed me that it would be necessary for me to take Mrs. Hadley away at once, to some quiet place in the country. She seemed to have a longing for the hills. I had better settle up my affairs in the parish and plan to go at once, if I cared to have her with me for even a year longer.

“It was a blow,—the first in a succession of them, that was destined to bring me back to God. It had never occurred to me that my preaching was killing my wife by inches, but I found out at last that such was the case. I sent word immediately to the Board of my denomination in the province, that they must secure another man,—I was resigning my pastorate definitely. They suggested a vacation, and a temporary supply, but my fears had been aroused, and I assured them that my decision was final. Since the physician had told me the news, the look on his face had haunted me day and night. I was more thoroughly alive to the seriousness of my wife’s condition than I had been at any time for seven years past. Somehow, God was sending His Spirit home to my heart with deep conviction, although at first when I tried to pray I was appalled to find that I had no God to pray to. I had simply made a mockery of his power for years.”

The little clock on the desk ticked away the minutes unheeded. It seemed as though every word of this man’s story was throbbing with life. Norma was living through these years with him. His message was burning its way into her very soul.

“That was the beginning of the end,” he went on. His hands were clasped above his head, as he delved into the past, and brought forth these poignant memories, which were ever fresh before him. “Janice was only two years old when we left that Province and went back to Mrs. Hadley’s home in the hills. I had become so steeped in infidelity that it took months to get the poison out of my system. During the next year our little boy was born. He lived only a few months, and we laid him away on one of the hillsides in Western Canada. It was over his

grave that I finally surrendered. Mrs. Hadley was spared to me for about eighteen months longer. I thank God that she died content because I had returned to the faith for which she had stood so unflinchingly. The last months of her life were the happiest. She knew that she would not be with me long, therefore she made me promise that I would not waste any time in regrets that were unavailing.

"We remained at her old home until the end came. On Sundays I preached at the country church in the district where she had attended services for years as a girl. Together we had some wonderful hours of fellowship, during these closing months of her life. One of the things she asked me to pledge before she passed away was that I would spend the remainder of my life in preaching the simple gospel. And I have endeavored, with God's help, to keep that promise I made to her."

After he had finished by telling her of his call to Storm Lake and why he had accepted, a silence fell in the study. Out of the innermost recesses of his heart and life Paul Hadley had showed to her a glimpse of his prodigal years, and of his return in sorrow and repentance. There was nothing that she could have said to him that would have been as perfect as her silence. It was the silence of sympathy which she offered him, and Hadley knew that she understood. Just now words would have been cheap and commonplace.

Finally Norma aroused herself with a little effort. Glancing at the clock she realized that noon was almost upon them. To relieve the tension of the moment she smiled rather tremulously, and looking once more over the letter from Dr. Craig, she handed it to him.

He had written much in substance of what he had told Paul Hadley several weeks before, but added to this, a beautiful spirit of contrition and humility pervaded the entire letter, a personal touch which his letter to Hadley had naturally lacked. After he had returned home and found that she had gone, he realized how much he missed her in many ways. But the note of rejoicing was that he had been brought back even as the prodigal of old through a stirring appeal which he had heard in the spring at their Conference, an appeal given by a man who had himself drifted at one time into infidelity, and who had returned,—Dr. Paul Hadley. It had brought him to his knees in utter repentance.

Hadley read the letter through, then sat for a while in silence, watching Norma as she opened her other letters, quickly mastering their contents. Picking out several that would need her first attention, she laid the others on a pile that was growing, heaped up in a basket on a corner of the desk. Reading her mail had somewhat restored her composure. Once she was alone she would probably live over this whole morning again, but now she only wanted to divert Hadley's mind from the sadness of the past. She pointed to the piled up correspondence.

"When these meetings are over, there will be ever so much work to be looked after," she told him. "However, we will be better prepared than ever for what lies before us. These have been wonderful days of feasting on the good things of the Word, but all such feasting should only serve to better fit us for the work ahead." She hesitated a moment, then continued.

"You will understand, Dr. Hadley, that I have not any words at my command sufficient to express what I have felt this morning, as I have listened to your story.

All I can say is that I shall always remember this confidence that you have placed in me. Your wife surely must have been a wonderful woman, with her faith and courage standing firm through all those years. You will continue to be a blessing to men and women everywhere, because you have returned to the preaching of the simple gospel. The teaching of God's Word is the only cure for the poison of heresy being inoculated into the Christian life-blood of our nation today." She spoke with an earnest intensity that stirred him. After a moment he spoke.

"You are right, Miss Langley," he replied, "when you call it the poison of heresy. It is being disseminated everywhere today. The deplorable fact is that a hundred years ago the infidels and skeptics were on the outside of the church, and we knew where to class them. Now they are within, and are doing far more harm."

When Phillips returned a short while later, he found Norma alone in the study. Hadley had gone to his room. And the girl told him the good news about her uncle. Of her hour's conversation with Hadley of course she said nothing.

After lunch at the parsonage that day, Norma decided she wanted to go for a walk. Somehow the conversation of the morning had broken in upon her usual desire for work. She had intended, before the afternoon service, that she would look after some of her correspondence, but her heart was too full of many things, rejoicing over her uncle's return, in particular, and a strange happiness because Paul Hadley had thus opened up to her the story of his past. She had not stopped to analyze her emotion, she only knew that to her the revelation was something to be treasured for all time. If during the lunch hour she and Hadley had been more silent than usual,

Phillips and his wife paid no heed. The letter she had received from her uncle, and Hadley's connection with the transformation, was an experience that did not occur every day. Sometimes the thought had occurred to Mrs. Phillips, during these days, that it would be a very wonderful arrangement if Norma and Hadley ever became more to each other than mere friends. But Hadley seemed to think of nothing but his teaching, while Norma was utterly absorbed in her own work.

She had a longing this day to get out into the country that lay to the north of the parsonage. An autumnal haze hung over the earth, suggesting the coming of a season that would leave the trees and woods stripped and bare. There was always something about a September day which brought a feeling of awe into the heart of Norma Langley. Today, as she followed the road, leaving the town behind her, she enjoyed the exercise. There stole over her a sense of the wonderful, in connection with the creation of God's world. It was good to be alive, and to realize that all of life lay before you. Into her consciousness there came an added cause of thanksgiving; she was alive in the truest sense. Men and women who were not Christians, do not know the real meaning of life. She finally came to the gnarled stump of an old tree, and sitting down, her chin in her hands—a favorite attitude when she was deeply moved—she faced the stirring events of the morning.

This quiet spot was perhaps a half mile from the parsonage. Up until the present moment she had put from her the remembrance of that hour in the study. Now, however, she lived over, for a little while, the story which Hadley had told.

She was too essentially honest to deny the fact that Hadley now possessed for her more than an ordinary appeal. But at the same moment she realized that not for an instant must she yield to it. Paul Hadley had simply treated her with the same courtesy that he showed toward all women. Simply because circumstances should have so worked that he had been used of God in leading her uncle back to the truth, was no reason why she should let go her grip upon herself. He had found her to be sympathetic, and had therefore, on the impulse of the moment, unburdened his heart to her, but she had known him only a little over a week, and this was all nonsense on her part. She kept telling herself that she must not let go. The future, with its great opportunity for service, was calling to her imperatively. She had a vision of that which God intended her to do, so above everything else she must keep a steady head upon her shoulders, and her mind fresh and clear. Paul Hadley, standing far above her on a pinnacle all his own had, by his frank confidence of the morning, offered her in a real way his friendship, and she would always treasure that friendship as a dear and precious possession. As for anything else, it was out of the question.

But as she made this resolve, she was conscious of the clenched hands which lay in her lap. For a little while longer she sat there, and at last she became calmer. Then she realized that if she would be in time for the afternoon session she must return. When she finally arose from the stump she had regained her self-control. And it was because she was generously endowed with common sense and sanity, that she thus won the victory.

On the return walk she thought only about her uncle. She wondered what the outcome of his confession would

be, and what action his church members would take during his absence. There were men and women in many churches, she realized, who no longer wanted the preaching of the old gospel. While primarily the schools and colleges were at fault, in having turned loose the preachers and teachers of liberalism, yet the apostasy had so far advanced that many of the laity themselves were becoming increasingly responsible for calling to their churches pastors who denied the Fundamental doctrines. Especially was this true in congregations where the members were cultured and wealthy. Her uncle, being pastor of such a church, might find that this spirit would predominate, and that his people would prefer a Modernist in the pulpit, a man who taught and stood for the New Theology.

The leaders of his church, she had good cause to know, had commenced to find the preaching of a blood atonement obnoxious to them. When she considered certain members of his church, and their attitude, she felt doubtful of the outcome. If he did remain, his hands would always be more or less tied. It seemed to her that God would be able to use him more effectually if he made a clean break, and left his present charge. Just as she had been led out into a large place of service, because she had stood true, so she felt sure, the way would be opened for her uncle. She would write to him, she decided, that evening or in the morning, and let him know that she would pray for God's special guidance to be given to him in regard to the future.

The next time Norma found herself alone with Paul Hadley, she appeared before him as naturally as she had done from the start. If he had expected her to take a different attitude, on account of his confidence of the

morning, he had not read her aright. Because she was intelligent and sensible, he enjoyed talking to her. A new bond of friendship had been established between them, but that was all. His time was pretty well taken up with prayer and preparation for the meetings, and he usually spent the best part of the mornings in his room, studying. There was no further opportunity for a lengthy conversation such as they had had together in the study on the morning that Phillips had been out making his parish calls.

On several other occasions Loren Rossiter had attended the meetings. One evening, after he reached home, Norma having walked with him, he informed Helena where he had been. Norma had already gone to her room, but her door was open, and she could not help hearing the conversation. Helena was simply sarcastic. He might go where he pleased—if he preferred to desert a man like Dr. Frahm for a preacher whom all the other clergymen in town rated as a fanatic, why, that was his privilege. It was a relief to him, however, that his wife did not become angry. He was accustomed to sarcasm.

But the next morning, Norma going through the sitting room after breakfast, noticed something that brought her to a halt. Ever since she had come to live with the Rossiters a little Bible which belonged to Helena had always lain in exactly the same place, underneath a pile of other books. She knew that it was the only Bible in the house except her own, and that it was never used. This Bible now lay on top of the table—evidently Loren had been reading it the night previous. She recalled that as they had walked home he had asked her where a certain verse could be found in the Bible. Acting now

upon a certain impulse, she went in the kitchen, knowing that God was leading her to speak to Helena.

She asked Mrs. Rossiter to come into the other room. Somewhat surprised, Helena obeyed. Norma pointed to the book. Evidently the other had not noticed it.

“Loren has been reading the Bible, Helena,” she said, seriously. “However you may feel personally about such matters, let me ask you not to do anything to discourage him. He is interested. In regard to church attendance I am respecting your liberty, as you are respecting mine. But it is a serious matter to laugh at anyone who has a longing to know more of the truth. I could not help overhearing you last night when you scorned Loren for attending Community Church. Don’t be responsible for ridiculing anyone who wants to know God’s Word. Many professed Christians today are seeking for something, they know not what, and Loren is one of them. He is groping for more light. This is a solemn matter. You are not answerable to me, but some day God will hold you responsible. Too many husbands refuse to have anything to do with church or the Bible, but Loren is longing for something real.”

Helena had stood perfectly still as she listened. There was a light in the girl’s eyes that disarmed Mrs. Rossiter. Whatever she might have said at first, died on her lips. Somehow the conviction in the girl’s tone went home to her heart. Without a word she turned about and went back to her work in the kitchen. But Norma knew that her words had gone home.

CHAPTER IX

THE HEART OF A MAN

Beginning at the Sunday School hour the following Lord's Day, Community Church was crowded to its capacity. Many people came from their own churches to attend the morning service. Despite the unfavorable comments from other pastors in the town, they persisted in coming. It was not every day that such a Bible teacher came to Brandon, and this was to be Hadley's last Sunday among them. They could not afford to miss hearing him.

A mass meeting for men had been announced for the afternoon, and with the sliding doors rolled back, and every seat in the church taken, it was a goodly group of men who waited expectantly for the message this man would give them. It was one which they never forgot. He did not use the charts, but gave them a straight gospel address, showing them the simple plan of salvation. There were men before him who had never understood the most elemental truths. He also spoke to them of things that were of special interest to men. But he never for a moment forgot that he was a minister of the gospel. Hadley had no sympathy with the popular Sunday afternoon messages usually given at men's mass meetings by prominent clergymen of the day. He never delivered an address of any sort that was not generously sprinkled with gospel truths.

In the evening, at the Young People's Hour, he gave a talk which had also been previously announced. At the concluding service of the day the crowds that came

were so great that it was necessary to hold an overflow meeting in the basement rooms, at which meeting Phillips spoke. It was the first time during the meetings that this had been found necessary. Hadley went down and gave them a brief address after he had finished his talk upstairs.

Loren Rossiter was there. Since Norma had spoken to her, Helena had said nothing further to her husband, although she steadily refused to accompany him to the meetings. Thankful, however, that he himself might attend without further friction at home, the subject of the Conference was not again mentioned before Helena.

The "Republic" which had come out the day previous, contained no mention of the meetings. But Vonnell, under big headlines, had written an article for the paper which the editor sent through verbatim. Of course there was no open reference to the Conference at Community Church, but Vonnell's subject was Church Unity. Any church which had for a pastor a man who tried to sow seeds of dissension in a community, was not a credit to that community and hardly deserved the support of the best people of that town. Such a condition existed in Brandon at the present time, and it was unfortunate and deplorable. Let the Christian people stand together unitedly, if they ever hoped to see the world turn in at the doors of the church. The high motive of all the Brandon churches should be unity, and by working together in a spirit of harmony, they would bring about a reign of peace and righteousness in their community such as had never existed before.

But unfortunately for Vonnell and his adherents, there were many folks in Brandon who, under Hadley's teaching, were beginning to see a different mission for the

church—not a cleaning up of any city or community, but a taking out of the world a people for Christ's name, this people constituting the true church.

They were coming now to the closing days of the Conference. Norma had written her uncle a long letter, telling him how they had rejoiced together over his return to the Word of God, of Hadley's presence among them, and of the wonderful season of blessing they had been enjoying. She expressed her conviction that God would open up to him a new field of work, and assured him of her prayers, her sympathy, and her gratitude. She also explained briefly her connection with the Fundamentalist work, and hoped that the day would come when he would be led into taking his stand with the movement which was growing so rapidly. Mentioning the unlimited opportunities, she told him of the crying need for consecrated men who at the same time possessed education and executive ability. In closing the letter she stated that if possible she would visit him and Aunt Rachael over the holidays, at least for a week.

A number of pastors had written her that on account of the information she had sent them, and because they saw the need, they were seriously considering the Fundamentals work in connection with their own churches. Some of them were not very well informed, and would not commit themselves until they knew more, while others realized that before long something would have to be done if they would stem the tide of apostasy, and save their own people from drifting into it. And Miss Langley, being in touch with the state work, would be in a position to explain to their church members just what the organization was accomplishing. Her suggestion, made to them in the first letter she had written,

that she would visit all of the churches in her district sooner or later, made its appeal.

One of the replies that seemed to her most favorable was from the Rev. Henry Martin, pastor of a church in Prairie View.

"I have never attended a Fundamentals Conference of any kind," he wrote, "but I have read a good deal about what these people are doing. We are agreed here that your coming would be a helpful and interesting experience. I want to line up with this work. I have a country charge, good steady folks in my membership, although they are not the wealthy class of farmers. We could not afford much expense at present. A few of the people have money, but it is hard to get them to loosen up. They are a teachable class, however, and they have voted to have you come. If there is anything in connection with your work that will help me in leading my people out into a deeper experience, I'm with your movement from first to last. Give me your earliest date."

It was one of the more urgent letters, therefore she answered promptly. She told them of the revival they had been having in Brandon, and stated that it would perhaps be possible to secure Dr. Hadley for a Conference later on. Hadley had given her permission to suggest his name as a Conference speaker wherever she deemed it advisable. She set a date for her trip to Prairie View for early in October, and asked him to notify her if this was satisfactory. As for the expenses of the trip she did not want this matter to become burdensome to them in any way. She only expected an offering to defray the actual expenses of her trip, but if this was more than they were financially able to stand at present, she would not for that reason refuse the opportunity.

At the same time she wrote to the pastor of a church at Downey from whom she had received a letter, stating that as soon as she heard from the Prairie View pastor, she would write and give them a date. She was desirous of making the two places on the same trip.

Writing to several other pastors from whom she had heard in response to her first letters, she stated that they might expect to hear from her in the near future, after she had returned from her first trip.

Having looked after this immediate correspondence, and considerably reducing the pile of letters upon her desk, the girl viewed the remaining ones with a sense of satisfaction. It was on Wednesday noon that she called the attention of Phillips to the diminished pile.

"Good work," he nodded approvingly. "Just as soon as this correspondence is cleaned up, we will have to get after the rest of the material for the Bulletin. I'm glad now that we waited until after the Conference before we sent it through to the printers. My only regret is that Christians from all over this country are not privileged to sit under such teaching as we have enjoyed. The spiritual famine is appalling."

As that shadow crept into his eyes, Norma, who had seen the look often before, understood that for the moment the very burden of untaught, misguided Christendom was upon him. The vision of the need was ever before him. He always had to put the load from him with a strong effort. The only hope for lifting the burden, ever so slightly, lay in action. It was a time for work, not for dreaming. But Franklin Phillips could go to rest each night of his life with the consciousness that he never did less than his utmost, in the great battle that was on.

During the entire Conference the interest had not diminished. They had now come to Friday, the closing day of the meetings. Christian people in Brandon knew that they would go from these sessions into the life of their own churches, with a better understanding of the Word of God, a richer experience, and hearts full of gratitude because they had been permitted to sit under such a teacher. Those who had fought the meetings, or remained away, had been the losers in every sense. There were many folks who had not missed a single one of the sessions.

Dr. Hadley would take the train next day for Storm Lake. His wonderful vitality had not shown the strain in any way, although he had spoken twice a day for over two weeks, Saturdays alone excepted. Norma had not made an effort to avoid him, but she was glad that her work in the study occupied her mornings. Work of any sort, if agreeable, was a safe and healthy diversion. She would not permit herself any time for retrospection. Coming in daily contact with him as she did, she realized sensibly that herein lay her safety. Steadily she forced herself to keep true to her first decision, made out on the country road, seated on a stump, on that afternoon a week before. Dr. Hadley was simply her friend, a very good one, it was true, but nothing more. If she would keep herself mentally in a condition to pursue her work with the same zest and relish after he had gone that she had always shown previous to his coming to Brandon, then this was the only way. Otherwise a season of heartache would be sure to follow.

They had of course been expecting her to remain at the parsonage for supper on this last night that Hadley would be with them. After she had waited upon her

last customer at the book tables, she was just about to go over to the house, where the others had already gone, when Phillips returned to the church.

"Mrs. Rossiter has telephoned that you are to come home at once, Miss Langley," he said. "This is unfortunate, for we wanted you to stay with us on this occasion. Irene is especially disappointed, but the call seems to be urgent, for she insists upon your coming immediately." Norma looked up in surprise.

"Did she not tell you the reason?" the girl asked, anxiously. "I hope it is no bad news of any kind. It seems strange for Helena to do a thing like that. I cannot call her, either, for they have no telephone; she uses the one at the store in the neighborhood." But he quieted her fears.

"She wanted me to assure you that it is no bad news, but that it is a surprise which you would not miss for anything."

Wondering at the unexpectedness of this summons, and unable to imagine what could be at the bottom of it, Norma realized that the only thing for her to do was to go. It was just a little after four o'clock, and she would try to get back for the evening session. He promised to have some one look after her book tables for her if she was delayed.

At the parsonage supper table they discussed the event. Mrs. Phillips declared that it was a shame that they had to send for Norma on this night of all others. Phillips, who occasionally teased his wife, smiled across the table at her.

"Perhaps it's some old sweetheart of hers come from out of town, Irene. You remember I occasionally paid you a visit, even when you lived several hundred miles

away," he said. "Surely a girl like Norma has had plenty of friends in her home town. Now that her uncle knows her whereabouts such an event is quite likely to happen. Since she has come here she has been busy with Fundamentalism, but the time is bound to come when an attractive young woman of Norma's type is sure to marry into a life and a home of her own."

Hadley alone remained silent. When Phillips made these comments, half tinged as they were with seriousness, the other shot him a quick glance. In these few weeks of his association with Franklin Phillips he had come to love this big, warm hearted man, and knowing men as he did, he felt now that there was nothing covert in his remarks. He might accuse some men of a hidden suggestion, but Phillips was above anything petty, and Hadley somehow realized, rather forcibly, that Phillips had spoken the truth.

Glancing over at the chair which Norma always occupied when at the parsonage table, he faced the fact that he had expected she would be there on this last evening. It was surprising how they did miss the young woman when she was absent. Hadley found that he was not enjoying the meal as much as he generally did, and before the supper was over he was honest enough to admit the fact that he missed Norma Langley. And he missed her in a way that he would not have missed Mrs. Phillips if she had been away.

This was no time for reflection, however. They were to have a preliminary service on this evening, previous to the final address to be given by Dr. Hadley. Phillips had asked those most interested to come together for a half hour to arrange definitely about future Association meetings. They would not be able to plan for such

lengthy Conferences oftener than once a year, but they could get together at stated intervals for Bible study as well as for discussion of the Fundamentals work in general. Phillips realized how easy it was for people to lose interest in such things, if meetings were not held regularly. There were those who had attended the meetings who refused, however, to join either the state or the local association. They did not care to openly stand against their own pastors. On the other hand there were many who had come out from the shackles which bound them, and who had openly shown their independence and joined the state as well as the local work. There had not been a single meeting held at which the opportunity had not been given to join. The result was that during the Conference nearly three hundred men and women had united with the movement.

It looked, at first, as if an overflow meeting would again be necessary at this closing service, but by bringing up all the available chairs from the basement, and crowding them together in the aisles, this was avoided. Phillips was thankful that on this last occasion there need be no division in the ranks. He had noticed the fact that only two of the Brandon pastors from other churches had at any time been present during the meetings. They had come in together one afternoon the week previous, and had slipped away together, before the meeting was quite over. One of them, however, had returned on several other occasions, interested in spite of himself. But the influence of Vonnell and Frahm was strong in the community. They had left no stone unturned to keep the people, especially the pastors, from attending the sessions.

Phillips had hoped that Norma would return in time for the preliminary meeting, but he was disappointed. They had already taken their seats on the platform, and still she had not arrived. He wondered if she were not going to get there at all. But she surely would have called him had she found it impossible to come. One of her Sunday School class of girls had looked after her book tables. They had already commenced the first hymn before she came.

Hadley, seated in his chair on the platform while the others were standing to sing, was glancing over some notes in his hand. Looking up he was just in time to see Norma enter with a young man who was a stranger to every one present. And Hadley, eyeing this individual from head to foot, had to admit that here was as fine a specimen of young manhood as he had seen for many a day—a splendid, vital looking chap, standing well over five feet, taller than Norma, but with a look of such pride and affection on his face whenever he glanced down at the girl beside him, that Hadley suddenly felt his heart throb with a dull ache. Then his eyes rested steadily on the face of the girl. It was radiant. He knew that he had never seen that expression before.

Until the close of the hymn they stood back near the door, then two men, members of the church seated in the side aisle, considerately arose and offered them their seats. The girl protested, but they prevailed. As she settled comfortably down in the seat, the young fellow beside her, Hadley saw that she was thoroughly content. All that Phillips had said at the supper table, then, was undoubtedly true. This stranger was evidently a very close and intimate friend.

In a single instant Paul Hadley understood the meaning of the ache within him. Norma Langley, during these few short weeks, had grown necessary and dear to him. With a strong mental effort, however, the man pulled himself together. This would never do. Phillips was making some announcements about the time and place of the next meeting they planned to hold, saying that Dr. Hadley had come to the close of his meetings, but had consented to return at some future date. Hadley knew he would be called in a few moments. Whatever the future might have in store for him, because of this revelation that had come to him tonight, he must reveal nothing, by any word or action to this people assembled before him. With a supreme effort the man conquered. There was not a trace of failure in his closing address. People thrilled to the power of his words as they had done day after day for these past weeks. He gave them the most powerful message of all, an appeal for consecration. It was a fitting subject for his closing session.

If there was any change at all in his manner, it only had an added intensity. At the conclusion of the service, of course, he would meet this friend of Norma's. And because he was every inch a man, he would meet him unflinchingly, as man to man. If the girl introduced him as her fiance he would be ready with his congratulations.

Hadley was obliged to remain in front for some time after the service itself had been concluded. In his closing words he had told the people how he had enjoyed his stay in Brandon, and that he would look forward to his return with as much expectation as they did. He regretted that he had not been able to accept many of

the invitations which had been tendered to him during his stay, but that he had been obliged, for various reasons, to decline those of a social nature. He would remember them always in his prayers, that God would bless them and continue to lead them out further into the study of the Word.

It seemed as though the crowd that gathered around the front was even larger tonight, and that some of them would never go. But he remained patient, shaking hands, and still answering questions, until finally the group around the rostrum grew smaller, and even those in the rear were beginning to go.

Not until the last one had left the front, did Hadley take his way toward the back of the church. The new-comer stood at the book tables, not far from Norma. Phillips had been introduced to the young man and stood chatting with him. Happily the girl turned to Hadley.

"I know it was too bad for me to run off from the parsonage tonight, but please don't begin to lecture me, too, for getting here so late. I've just been catching it from Mr. Phillips. You won't blame me, Dr. Hadley, when you know who this young man is, and why I was detained. But I think the joke is on our pastor here; Mr. Phillips has just been telling me what an outrageous suggestion he made at the supper table tonight. I want you to meet my brother, Dr. Hadley. He's the best surprise party I've had in months. Bob, meet Dr. Hadley."

She accomplished the introduction in such a natural, joyous fashion, her eyes twinkling as they did whenever she was in high spirits, that a general laugh followed. Robert Langley stepped forth with an outstretched hand. The revulsion of feeling was too much for Hadley. The

cordial handclasp that Bob had ready for this man, whose talk he had so thoroughly enjoyed, was no match for the grip which Hadley gave him. It made even athletic Bob Langley wince.

They went to the parsonage for an hour together. Mrs. Phillips had been at the meeting, but immediately after Hadley had concluded his talk, she slipped away, her hospitable soul bent upon a farewell lunch. Norma had introduced Bob to her before she left.

"Bring your brother over to the parsonage when you come, Norma," the woman said. "We all want a chance to visit with him. I'm going to get just a bite of lunch ready, for we were cheated out of having you for supper. The parsonage doesn't seem the same place when you are absent. Come as soon as you can and bring those tardy men; they are both tired out."

It would be their last occasion for a visit together, for Hadley would leave Brandon before Norma returned to the parsonage in the morning. It would be necessary for him to take a train leaving at five o'clock in order to make his connections at another point before noon. After they had left the church, and the janitor had locked up for the night, Norma, standing above them for a moment on the church steps, stopped them.

"It is just about five months ago that I came to this church for the first time," she said, softly, "and the place has become dear to me. Bob, this is the kind of church mother used to tell us about attending when she was a girl. It's a real church, Bob. I only wish they had one half as alive in your college town."

They caught her mood, and even Robert Langley's eyes were moist. A silence fell over the little group as they stood for a moment before going over to the par-

sonage. Hadley had not yet quite recovered from the relief of his discovery. The living, vital fact of her presence, and the glad consciousness that this splendid young chap was simply her brother, had been almost too much for him. Norma, in great spirits over her brother's unexpected arrival, noticed nothing out of the ordinary. If Hadley did not say much, that was often characteristic of him. His very silence often suggested his power.

When they entered the house explanations followed. Robert easily showed that he had spent the summer on a ranch. Bronzed and lithe as an Indian, he seemed to fill the low rooms at the parsonage with the spirit of breezy Western atmosphere. He had been detained at the ranch longer than he had expected, and would be a week behind with his studies to start, but these could easily be made up. On his way East his sister's disappointment in regard to his failure to come to Brandon had haunted him, and because he saw he could make night connections, and still reach his school in time to prepare for the following Monday's classes, he had decided to stop over in Brandon. Thinking that at first he would telegraph, he later changed his mind. It would be good sport to surprise her.

He had arrived in Brandon that afternoon about four o'clock. As soon as he reached the home where the Rossiters lived, Helena had telephoned to the parsonage. Bob would not let her disclose the nature of the surprise. He had kept back the secret thus far, and he would not have it spoiled now. With a return to something like her former self, Helena had fallen in with his plans.

It had been a perfect surprise. Norma laughingly agreed to its completeness. She had been deeply

touched by the fact that when she arrived home Helena had had a royal little supper under way. Nor would she pay any heed to the girl when Norma begged to be allowed to help with the preparations. She had insisted that the girl should spend the time visiting with her brother.

"The time will be short anyhow, Norma," she said. They were out in the kitchen, and impulsively the tears had come to her eyes as she kissed Helena.

"You are very good to me, dear, and I do love you for it," was all she said. But Helena was more than satisfied by the happy hour that they had spent about the table. Mrs. Rossiter thought Bob Langley splendid.

And now the little group at the parsonage had come close to the hour of parting. Under the circumstances it would not be hard for Norma. But it was Hadley, in the light of this revelation that had come to him, who realized that parting might not come so easily. During the hour that followed there was not a word that the girl uttered, or a movement that she made, that escaped him.

They had partaken of the lunch which Mrs. Phillips had prepared, and had enjoyed the fellowship. Phillips would go with Norma and Bob in just a short while now, when they went to the depot, where young Langley was to take the midnight train for the East.

Hadley was the last to leave the table. Following a certain impulse he went over to where Norma was seated.

"Miss Langley," he said. For just an instant the girl's heart stood still. She had never heard him use this tone before. She lifted her eyes to his face, bravely. She must not forget that Dr. Hadley was simply her friend.

Phillips was showing Bob some Indian relics in one corner of the living room. "I should like to have you come to Storm Lake any time you wish in the interest of the Fundamentals work," he said, and his eyes never left her face. Her cheeks had held a high color all evening, so he noticed nothing unusual now.

"Why, yes, I guess I can arrange to come—soon—that is, soon after the holidays, Dr. Hadley," she managed to say. She wished her heart would not beat so rapidly. This was all so utterly unexpected. Not so much his words, as his steady gaze. She wished that he would not look at her in that disconcerting manner. It was an utter relief to her that just at this moment Phillips and her brother were approaching. She made a supreme effort, and raising her eyes she met his look squarely. Only for an instant had she lost her self control.

"I will write you about that matter, Dr. Hadley," she was saying evenly as they came up. "It will not be possible for me to come before the holidays, as I have several coming appointments. But any time in January that you wish to fix a date will be satisfactory to me." And as Paul Hadley left her suddenly, he felt, somehow, that Norma Langley understood. A great peace flooded his soul. Of the future he did not think. He simply wanted her to know that he cared.

For a few minutes, as brother and sister sat together, they were left alone. Norma refused to let her thoughts dwell just now on the incidents of a few minutes ago in the dining-room. Just for about an hour longer her brother would be with her. Later she could think of other things. Hadley had bidden them good night and

gone to his room, for the hour was growing late. Bob held up his hand rather ruefully.

"I'll tell you, sister, that fellow Hadley is just about all right, but he sure has a grip on him!" he exclaimed. "He almost wrung my hand off when he shook hands with me in church this evening. That's sure the heartiest handshake I have ever received." And not until some months later did Bob Langley understand the reason for that unmistakably hearty handclasp.

CHAPTER X

PRAIRIE VIEW AND DOWNEY

Following the Brandon Conference things soon settled back to normal. After the quiet services on the Lord's Day, the people of Community Church realized their need of a rest. Aside from the weekly prayer meeting, therefore, all other church activities were continued suspended for another week. But even though the meetings were now a thing of the past, their influence lived on in the hearts of the people.

A letter came during the following week from Martin of Prairie View. The date that Norma had given for her visit to their church would be perfectly satisfactory. Accordingly she wrote to Fred Pelton, pastor at the Downey church, informing him that she would follow her trip to Prairie View by a visit to his church on the following evening. She had written to a number of pastors from whom she had so far received no reply. Not the least of Norma's commendable characteristics was her thoroughness, therefore she wrote to them a second time. Her district should be completely covered.

This would be her first experience in field work, and she prayed for special guidance. The night before her departure for Prairie View, Mrs. Phillips, always glad of an excuse to keep Norma at the parsonage for supper, insisted upon making a gala occasion of it.

They had on Saturday finished preparing the material for the first issue of their State Bulletin, and Phillips had forwarded it to the printers. A letter had been received from Hadley. He had been royally welcomed

home by a group of delegates who had come to the depot to meet him. His people had been delighted with the preaching of young Bascom—the Glen Kauffmans had insisted upon having them at their home for Sunday dinner.

Phillips had received the letter, but there was just a word for Miss Langley. She was not to forget that the Storm Lake congregation would expect her at the Chapel during the first week in January. Fortunately for her, Phillips was not paying particular attention to her when he read this portion of the letter. Otherwise he would have seen how she flushed to the roots of her hair.

Occasionally Hadley's parting invitation came vividly before her, but with the same determination that she had shown from the start, she locked this little remembrance away in a carefully guarded corner of her heart, seldom allowing herself to think of it. She simply could not afford to toy with anything that would be likely to disturb her peace of mind. She must allow nothing to interfere with the plans she had mapped out for herself between that time and the holidays. If the future was to hold for her a great happiness, the possibility of which had flashed through her mind and heart for a single instant on the night before Hadley left, she would trust God to reveal it to her at the proper time and place.

Prairie View, a little out of the way station, with a few scattered stores and straggling houses, was decidedly a farming community. She found Martin to be a man who was groping for more truth. He had been a pastor in another denomination for some years, and that afternoon he told her his experience. The girl arrived at noon, and was being entertained in his home. Her

sympathy went out to Mrs. Martin who, having two fretful children to look after, had her hands more than full. Norma realized that here was a little woman tired out with the strain of sleepless nights. One child, a boy, was sickly and delicate.

As they sat in the little parlor, with a broad stretch of drab open country before them, and the outlook rather cheerless, Norma's heart went out to these people, struggling here so faithfully on the edge of this prairie land. Martin had an honest desire that his people might know the Word. The girl realized afresh her great opportunity. It was just such people as this that the Fundamentalists were trying to help.

"I was practically kicked out of my former church," he startled Norma by stating. "This may seem a shock to you, but there is one denomination today that is simply an autocracy, as far as liberty among the clergy is concerned." For a moment Norma failed to understand him.

"I see you do not just get what I am talking about," he continued. "Well, those on the outside don't, generally. But the long and short of it, Miss Langley, is that unless you preach what those in authority tell you to preach—unless you knuckle down and follow their unsound text books—you are simply kicked out. Perhaps not literally, but it amounts to the same thing in the end. In some denominations a man has a little more liberty than in others, but they are all headed in the same direction. I am praying that some day in the near future God will open up to me an opportunity to secure an independent church—one not controlled by ecclesiastical politicians.

He went on to tell his story. He had been brought up in a non-Christian home, and when he was finally converted, he was "steered wrong," and after studying a lot of "bunk" as he termed it, for several years, he was finally ordained to the ministry. Up at his former charge in the northwest, he happened to have in his church a lady, who gave him Fundamental literature to read. It was a new line of thought to him, especially the study about the second coming of Christ. But his eyes were opened, and he began to search the Scriptures for himself. He became convinced that there was something radically wrong with the system under which he had been taught. He began to preach to his people according to the revelation which had come to him, and God used his messages. The church began to grow spiritually.

Finally the officials of the church, having been informed of what this "independent fellow" was doing, appeared on the scene. Because their church gave them the authority, they demanded that he stop preaching such "stuff" as premillennialism. He refused and they finally made it intolerable for him. When their next Conference time came around, they informed him that he might take his choice—preach according to the outlines given in their text books, or else take a little church out in the wilds, and find himself in absolute disfavor with all their Conference members. At any rate, he was not to be returned to his former charge. The people refused to support anyone else, and as a result the doors of his church were closed. Norma listened, shocked at the injustice of such a system.

"So it was a backwoods church for me if I preached the second coming of Christ—and this is exactly the con-

dition which prevails all over our country today, Miss Langley," he concluded. He seemed rough and ready, but Norma liked his blunt honesty. His talk had the real ring. "I am just one out of hundreds," he went on, "who are dissatisfied with the system. The only difference is that they do not all get out as I did. So many are afraid of their bread and butter. I'm not. I could afford to trust God to provide another opening for me, even with my family. This present denomination is not much better, as far as their system of teaching goes, but they do not possess quite the autocratic hold on a fellow that this other one did. I got out because I refused to compromise, and because I would not allow the thumb-screws to be turned on. I'd rather quit preaching altogether, and earn an honest living in some other way, than to give in to such a bunch of religious tyrants. Why, I've got to unlearn whole volumes of stuff that I imbibed from books written by apostate teachers. It makes me hot all over whenever I think of the money I've wasted on books that contain nothing but trash! Wish I just had a portion of that money today to invest in some of this sound Fundamental literature on sale everywhere."

They talked together until it grew dark, and Mrs. Martin called them to supper. Before Martin took her to the church, after the evening meal, he turned to her.

"I wish you could understand just what this visit of yours has meant to me, Miss Langley," he said. "I don't get much fellowship up here in this neck of the woods. That's one of the drawbacks. And money is so scarce sometimes that I don't feel as though I could afford to attend these Fundamentals Conferences, much as I would like to. However, I don't complain; God has been good

to me in showing me the truth. I feel that I am only being kept here for a while to fit myself for something better later on. I have some time for study—not as much as I'd like to have, for Mrs. Martin is not strong. The Lord knows I need a lot of it. Sometimes I am tempted to grow discouraged, but I'd rather be here today than in the shoes of some of the other pastors who still remain in the denomination which I left."

Norma's heart ached for him. She appreciated the loneliness that must surely come to him at times, as he struggled along, bearing his load, handicapped by lack of funds, out here in this prairie country. He had not the experience nor the eloquence of a man like Dr. Hadley.

As they walked together to the church about a quarter of a mile distant, the girl told him that she would do her best to induce Dr. Hadley to plan for a Conference here soon after the holidays. The idea appealed to him, especially after Norma had assured him that Hadley did not care whether his offering was large or small. They had given him a generous amount at Brandon, of course, but the situation there was entirely different. She vouched for his willingness to come, because of his desire that people might have the truth.

And Norma was to find, in the weeks and months to come, that this pastor, struggling alone here at Prairie View, was but a type of many other pastors throughout the country, who were fighting the battle single-handed, determined to be true to the Word of God no matter what the cost.

A goodly number came out to hear Miss Langley's talk. Some of the farmer folks, especially the older ones, the tired, worn out fathers and mothers, seemed rather stolid and indifferent, but Norma saw that she was

making a strong appeal to the older young people of the congregation. She later told Martin that she considered him fortunate in having such a sprinkling of intelligent young people, and he admitted that to him that had always been the encouraging feature in his present charge.

As she explained the importance of lining up the Christian people of the country with this movement, in order that they might definitely put themselves on record as standing only for that which was sound and fundamental, she knew she had their interest. She told them also of the wonderful Conference just closed the month previous at Brandon, and assured them that she would be glad to do all she could to make a Conference at Prairie View a success, whenever they decided to hold it.

After she had read the Doctrinal Statement, containing the nine points, and explained that membership in this organization did not interfere with denominational membership, she urged them to join, assuring them that there were no membership dues, or any other obligation. There was a hearty response. They were a simple group of country folks, and after the service was over, they flocked around the girl in a way that warmed her heart.

She had intended taking a morning train for Downey, which was perhaps twenty miles from Prairie View. At the close of the meeting, however, a farmer dressed in his working suit of overalls came up, touching his hat rather awkwardly as he approached Norma.

"I understand you want to get to Downey tomorrow, Miss Langley," he said. "Mr. Martin stated that your next meeting is to be held there tomorrow night." The girl nodded.

"Well," he enlightened her, "you'd have to wait over for five hours at a little jerk-water junction called Groveland, and that would not be very pleasant. But I'm going to drive over to the Downey stores for my wife tomorrow afternoon. My woman needs a fresh supply of groceries. So if you care to drive along, I'd be glad to have you."

And gratefully the girl accepted. She was much touched at this exhibition of ready country thoughtfulness. The thought of the lay-over at Groveland had not been very pleasant. Half of these little country stations were damp and cheerless places, especially during cold weather.

When they reached the house—Norma was to spend the night with the Martins—Martin looked over the collection he had received. He was surprised at the generous offering they had given.

"You have made an impression upon the hearts of some of our people who have money, but who are usually the closest when it comes to giving," he told her, as he handed her the money. Norma endeavored to place it back into his hands again.

"Please keep it," she urged. "I want you to use this to buy some much needed literature for yourself. I do not need the money at all just now."

He refused, however, to do this. In spite of her protestations he was firm. Then Norma suddenly had an idea.

"Very well, I'll keep it, Mr. Martin," she finally consented. "But you will hear from me again regarding this matter."

And he did. Immediately upon her arrival back in Brandon, Norma boxed up a good assortment of Funda-

mentals literature, and sent it up to him. And for many a long hour, during the coming winter months, far into the night, Martin sat and mastered the contents of these books which she had so wisely selected and sent him. His letter of gratitude fully repaid her for what she had done.

At Downey Norma found that a reception of an entirely different character awaited her. Fred Pelton was a pastor in the same denomination from which Martin had been driven. On the Sunday night previous he had announced that a certain Miss Langley of Brandon would speak in their church on Wednesday evening of that week. Pelton did not know much about the Fundamentals movement, but he was anxious to have his people stand with other churches in the lead for anything which was worth while. And this Miss Langley would come to them in the interest of Fundamentalism, ready to explain the work which she represented.

All might have been well, had it not been for a certain member of Pelton's congregation, one of the men who had on several previous occasions tried to make trouble. This man always had strongly opposed the coming of any Fundamentalist movement to Downey, especially in connection with their particular church. Seeing that his protest to Pelton did no good, and realizing that their pastor was still determined to have this Miss Langley come to the church, this man took matters into his own hands and wired at once for the district officer to come to Downey. Accordingly, this individual arrived only a few hours ahead of Norma Langley.

It was a strained situation. Pelton, lacking the independence and courage that Martin would have shown under similar circumstances, realized that he was in the

tightest corner of his whole experience. The district officer put his foot down most emphatically on the entire proposition, informing his subordinate that the organization of a Fundamentalist branch in connection with their denomination, could never for a moment be tolerated in any of their churches.

"Pelton," the irritated officer shot at him, "I confess I'm surprised at you! I gave you credit for possessing a little more sense than you have shown on this occasion. If you'd read all of our periodicals the way you should, you would be informed about this movement, and the harm it is doing. None of this stuff gets mixed up with our work if we know anything about it. These Fundamentalists are causing divisions in our churches all over this country!"

Pelton did not express himself just then, but he wondered after all if sometimes divisions were not essential. There were many things which he himself did not approve of, but he dared not say so. He was only thinking now of his predicament. He looked decidedly harassed and worried.

"What am I to do, Miles?" he asked, helplessly. "Miss Langley is coming here on my invitation, and the meeting has been announced for this evening. This puts me in a decided corner."

"It would put you in a worse one, if you had carried this thing through, Pelton, without headquarters knowing it!" exclaimed the district officer, grimly. "Just leave this matter to me. When this woman comes, if she makes a fuss, and wants to hold you to your agreement, well, we'll have the meeting, but I'll be there to checkmate the thing, you can depend upon that! Don't waste time worrying about this Miss Langley; I'll handle her."

All women are floored when they get cornered. It's too bad that this Fundamentalist movement is so hard up for men, that they are obliged to place women in their state offices! Whoever this woman is, I'm not afraid to tackle her!"

Entirely unaware of this unpleasant situation that existed, and which she was about to face, Norma was driven to the residence of the pastor about five o'clock next evening. She thanked the man who had brought her in to Downey, and as he drove off, she went up the steps and rang the bell. Downey looked like quite a respectable little community.

Immediately after she stepped inside the door, Norma realized that there was no warmth whatever in Pelton's handshake or in his greeting. She saw that something had gone decidedly wrong. He looked like a man who was terribly worried. The district officer, fulfilling his duty to the limit, remained within earshot. There was no chance for a word of explanation. This young woman, Miles resolved, should be made to realize that when she dealt with any pastor of their denomination, she was at the same time dealing with those in authority at headquarters.

The moment the girl entered the room, and had received her introduction to Miles, she understood the situation. Pelton informed her, without any enthusiasm she noticed, that Miles was their district officer who had unexpectedly arrived for the evening meeting. Martin's story had enlightened her, and she began to realize just what she was now up against. Even as she drew off her gloves, and before she had taken a seat, her heart was lifted in silent prayer that wisdom to do the right thing might be given to her.

Miles informed her very pointedly that their church stood for union, and not for division, and that it was impossible for her to think of starting anything of that sort in their church in Downey. Pelton had meant well, of course, but he had not understood the exact situation. He was not in a position to know just how much harm was being done by these Fundamentalist leaders throughout the country. Full of indignation, Norma looked him squarely in the face.

"I don't think we need waste words discussing the situation," she said, clearly. "You have your view point and I have mine, and we might sit here until tomorrow morning and not accomplish anything by argument. Quite naturally I differ with you when you say that we have done harm. The Fundamentalist movement today is standing absolutely for a whole Bible. My purpose in coming to Downey has been to organize a Fundamentalist branch in this town, and I came here in response to an invitation from Mr. Pelton. You are simply cowering him into submission by your attitude, Mr. Miles, I am standing upon my rights in insisting that this meeting be held tonight, especially since I have come here by special invitation! And unless Mr. Pelton himself informs me that he refuses to allow me to address his people, now that I have come here, I do not feel called upon to take orders from you."

She pinned him down in a manner that left him with no desire to argue further. The girl realized that at present it would probably be out of the question to think of organizing. Miles could effectually check that move. But if she could have an opportunity to get before the people with her plea, she might in that way accomplish

something. It would probably be worth the effort. At least, it might set some of the people to thinking.

Had it not been for the same determination and spirit that always characterized her, the meal which followed would have been an unfortunate, embarrassing affair all around. It is safe to say that Miles did not in the least enjoy it, for with her quick instinct to grasp an opportunity Norma gave a detailed account of the entire Conference held in Brandon. She saw that Mrs. Pelton was appreciating the recital immensely, and was much interested. Pelton afterward told his wife that never in all his life before had he enjoyed anything as much as Miles' discomfiture when Norma handed it to him straight, both before supper and during the meal. He scarcely spoke throughout the entire hour.

In the end Miles saw there was no help for it; the service would be held as scheduled. So Norma carried her point. The one thing Miles felt he could do, was to prevent an organization. Perhaps, after all, it was just as well that this matter should be thrashed out now, once for all, in order to prevent a repetition of such a thing in Downey in the future. For after Norma concluded her talk, he would have the right, as district officer, to take the floor and show what harm these people were doing everywhere.

But he reckoned without a realization of the fact that this young woman knew her Bible. When, during the evening, he referred sneeringly to those folks who were always harping upon the second coming of Christ, Norma interrupted him instantly to ask him what Paul meant by referring to it so repeatedly.

"If frequency of mention is any indication of the importance of a subject," she reminded him, pointedly,

“then surely you will have to admit that the doctrine of the Lord’s return is a vital and important one, for it is referred to directly and indirectly at least three hundred and eighteen times in the New Testament.”

He replied by stating that “this was merely a hope that Paul and the other disciples held out to pacify those early Christians who were disheartened by the fact that Christ had gone from them.”

“Then,” said Norma Langley, closing her Bible with a gesture that was more eloquent and expressive than words, “if Paul only held out a falsified hope to those early Christians, we Christians of today might just as well lay aside this book forever! If I cannot believe *all* of the Bible to be God’s infallible, inspired Word, I have no assurance that any of it is true!”

She had already finished her talk, having stated the purpose of her trip to Downey, and expressing her regret that after all an organization might not be effected in this town. This statement in regard to the certainty of the Lord’s return had taken place just after Pelton had announced a brief period for questions and discussion, prior to the talk which Miles was to give in closing. When finally Miles did take the floor, his remarks were very few. It took all the front he could muster to stand up after the impassioned appeal Norma had given them. He briefly told them of the objections that he, with other leaders of his denomination, had against this movement, and closed by stating that he very much regretted that Miss Langley had been invited to come to Downey for the purpose of trying to interest the people of this church in her work because an organization was out of the question, and would not be countenanced by the district or state officers.

Up to the last he had determinedly prevented Pelton from having any conversation with Norma. They had not taken an offering, but after the meeting was over, and most of the people had disappeared, Pelton came to her and handed her a check sufficient to defray her expenses. A few of the people who had shown the most interest lingered to shake hands with Norma. Some of them had commenced to wake up. Most of them were surprised, and disappointed, however, in the outcome of the meeting, and others were completely at sea. One lady, with a nervous, hesitating manner, approached the girl and put into her hand a piece of paper.

"Here's my address, Miss Langley," she said. "I should be glad to have you write to me. I am sorry things turned out the way they did tonight, for it could not have been very pleasant for you. You did well, however, and I'd like to know more about this work of yours. I often think that things in the churches today are far from what they ought to be." Norma agreed that she would write when she reached home.

She finally bade Pelton good night. They had asked her to stay over till morning, but the girl was thankful that there was a night train back to Brandon. She preferred, now that her work here was over, to return, even though it would be after eleven before she got in to town.

She felt rather disheartened, over the rebuff that she had received here. As she seated herself in the train, she remembered the look of regret in Pelton's eyes as she had bidden him good night. Even though she felt a certain pity for him, still she could not help contrasting Martin's courage with the lack of it displayed by this Downey pastor. When she reached home she would write a letter to Pelton, and tell him Martin's experience.

Sometimes one man's experience proves a blessing to another individual in the same predicament. More vividly than ever the girl realized that the day of the independent churches would surely come. They would eventually prove to be the only sure avenue of escape from that deadly spirit of Modernism, that was so subtly sapping the life blood from the members of the denominational churches.

Just before the train reached Brandon she felt a great peace stealing over her. These experiences might frequently come to her, but they could never rob her of the precious Christ of the Bible. They would only bring her closer into that wonderful fellowship that meant so much to her own spiritual life. Even while she was indignant toward men like Miles, who were typical representatives of the false religious system which Martin had showed up to her, she felt her heart going forth to the people within the churches. The woman who had asked her to write was a striking type, only one out of a multitude. Instinctively there came to her a certain passage from the book of Hebrews.

"Let us go forth, therefore, unto Him, without the camp, bearing His reproach."

And verily the day had finally come when Christians who stood true to the old Book were commencing to bear this reproach.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

A letter from Dr. Craig awaited Norma upon her return. He had gone back home after his vacation, much refreshed, and ready for anything that God might have in store for him. More than she would ever realize, he told Norma, he had appreciated her letter to him. It would be the last Christmas, this year, that he and Mrs. Craig would spend in that charge, and he did hope Norma could see her way clear to visit them.

"For it is just as you feared," he wrote: "the Board took action while I was away. A number of my people are for me, and would be willing to return with me to the Old Book and its teachings, but they are not the ruling members of my congregation. If I did remain there would always be division—the people have itching ears—they want something that will be in keeping with the modern trend of things, and now that they know the stand I have taken, half of them have stated frankly that they would rather have me leave. I might be able to fight it out;—some pastors would, but I am not naturally aggressive. I should never feel free. Since I have been emancipated from the shackles which have bound me, I must be where I can have liberty."

There followed a few more words about her aunt—of course Mrs. Craig was not at all in sympathy with her husband's attitude. Craig told his niece that she scorned him because of the stand he had taken, and considered him very extreme to surrender an established living for the sake of such absurd notions. However, he assured

Norma that nothing could ever cause him to go back again, not even his wife's lack of sympathy.

After the girl had read the letter, she acted on the impulse of the moment, and wrote her reply to her uncle at once . . . she would try to be with them for at least a week during the holidays. She told Dr. Craig that she felt confident that God had a very definite work in store for him.

Through Phillips she sent word to Dr. Hadley that he might expect her at Storm Lake immediately after New Year's Day. She planned to go there directly after her visit to Dr. Craig.

Mrs. Phillips had finally persuaded her husband to consider a few days' vacation, which they decided to spend together at the home of her parents. When she used as an argument the fact that Franklin was positively growing thin, even Norma was obliged to join in the laugh. Phillips asked her if she did not consider him bigger and better looking than ever. The girl of course agreed with him.

"You look just as though you had never known a sick moment in your life," she declared. But he finally gave in to his wife's pleadings. They were to go the week before Norma went, and return immediately after Christmas.

Norma had told them of her experiences both at Prairie View and at Downey. Phillips whistled in surprise.

"My, but that was rather a tough experience for a little new beginner like you!" he exclaimed, seriously. "I surely should like to have seen you hand it to that fellow Miles. You're a born diplomat, Miss Langley. I'll guarantee that some of these denominational officers will learn that they'd better not trifle with you very often.

On the whole, I think you acted very wisely. You have at least set some of those folks to thinking."

She was seated in the parsonage one Saturday afternoon, glancing through the "Republic," which had just come out. On the second page of the paper, two photographs had been printed, one of them that of a woman. Norma did not recognize either of the faces, but the woman she considered was rather distinguished looking. Glancing down to see who they were, she found that the man was Rev. Henry Vonnell, and the woman was his fiancée, Miss Alice Jordan of Phillipsburg. It was an announcement of their engagement.

It was only natural that her mind should go back to the vivid story that Paul Hadley had told her, that morning in the study. So this woman, who had written to Hadley out of the depths of her wounded pride and indignation, was coming to live in Brandon. Hadley had mentioned to her the letter she had written him. In writing up this article, the editor of the "Republic" had outdone himself. A number of affairs were being planned for after the wedding, which would take place in November, in Phillipsburg, immediately preceding Thanksgiving.

During November, Norma made several other trips into towns close by, and succeeded in forming two local branches. In some places they seemed to be rather indifferent. It was as Phillips so often said—people did not yet realize the danger.

"You are making headway," he declared. "Each time you succeed in forming even the smallest branch, you are helping to build up the work by increasing the membership."

Christmas was drawing near, and Phillips and his wife were to take their departure the following week. She would look after the mail that came to the parsonage, until the day came for her to go to her uncle's home. And after they had left Brandon, Norma going over to the house each morning realized how deserted and empty the parsonage seemed, without these dear people whom she had learned to love and know so well.

When the morning of her departure came, Helena kissed her good-by with unusual warmth. Norma saw the effort Mrs. Rossiter made to hold back the tears.

"You'll be gone for several weeks, Norma, and I'm surely going to miss you," she said. "I know we have had some disagreements, but I have sense enough to realize that they've been mostly my fault. Sometimes I do wish I could be like you, but it seems as though I never could live without my good times and parties. Just keep on praying for me; it can't do any harm and perhaps I'll see things differently some day."

Norma gladly agreed that she would do so. She had noticed that Loren read the Bible regularly now, and Helena never laughed at him. Within the girl's heart was the prayer that eventually this home might be united in Christ Jesus.

* * * * *

Storm Lake again, and Storm Lake in winter! And this, to many people, meant Storm Lake at its loveliest. Immediately after Christmas day it commenced to snow, and for several days it had continued. Then it suddenly ceased and everything became frozen and hard. It was bitterly cold, and many folks refused to venture out of doors, unless they had necessary business. The white world might be a wonderful thing to enjoy from indoors,

but just the same it gave one a warm, comfortable feeling to hear the roaring of the log fires within.

Every front window in each home in Storm Lake contained a cheery suggestion of the Christmas season. The wreaths of holly, tied with their knots of crimson ribbon, formed a pleasant contrast to the world of whiteness outside. Christmas day, with its countless toys and gifts, had come and gone, but the holiday spirit still lingered in the air. Thanks to Paul Hadley's teaching and influence this Christmas-tide meant more to the inhabitants of Storm Lake than it had often meant in past years, because the thought of the Christ-Child loomed large in the minds of all the Chapel members.

At the Manse, as one climbed the hill through the snow and stood before the doors, the scene was different from that of six months previous. The little screened-in porch was no longer Dr. Hadley's favorite spot, nor the timber his daughter's special retreat. Now the porch was enclosed with its winter storm doors and windows, and the timber furnished the fuel burned within the Manse.

Janice was again in a state of expectation,—they were to have more company in Storm Lake, although they were not going to entertain this lady at the Manse when she came. Janice told her father rather anxiously that she hoped he would bring Miss Langley over to the Manse real often.

"For you know, Daddy," she told him, "I always feel as though I were grown up when company's around. And from what you've told me, I just feel sure I'm going to love Miss Langley." Paul Hadley was certain that his little daughter had spoken the truth. He had no doubts whatever about Norma and Janice.

Several weeks before, Hadley had announced from his pulpit that he would like to have his people take action about the coming of a certain Miss Langley. He explained, briefly, what she represented. There was a custom he always followed in connection with his church. Everything that came up he submitted to a vote, and first secured the consent of his people, although it was a mere formality. For he never made a suggestion that they were not willing to follow. Therefore, their pastor's recommendation was all they needed in regard to the coming of Miss Langley. They immediately voted to have her come. Besides, an agreeable visitor was always welcome at Storm Lake. Miss Langley would find that they were a hospitable little community.

Immediately after this vote had been taken, Mrs. Kauffman approached Dr. Hadley. She had just finished conferring with Glen.

"There will be the question of entertainment, Dr. Hadley," she said, graciously, "and Glen joins with me in extending an invitation to Miss Langley to stay at the Poplars during her visit to Storm Lake. For we both appreciate the situation, and realize that you are hardly in a position to entertain her at the Manse. Therefore, we hope you will give us the privilege of having her in our home."

Hadley gladly consented to this arrangement. The Kauffmans had a lovely home, and Norma would, he knew, enjoy her stay with them. He assured Mrs. Kauffman, as he accepted the invitation for Miss Langley, that she would find it a pleasure to have the young woman in their home. He did not just know the length of her stay, several days at least, or perhaps a week . . . but Mrs. Kauffman hastened to assure him that they would

be delighted to have her stay just as long as she wished. If she suspected the true condition of affairs, she gave no sign.

The night before Norma was to arrive, Paul Hadley sat for a long time in front of the cheerful log fire which burned on the wide hearth in the den. This den in winter served as his study, and was the place he loved best in the entire house. One of the things which from the first had appealed to him about the Manse, were the two generous fire places, the one in this den and the other in the living-room. A house had never seemed a home to him without real fire-places. During the days when he had lived in the cities, they had always had the artificial fire-places of the modern sort, little cramped places which he never could endure. But this was different—the wide grate, with its logs piled high, and the splendid warmth pervading the whole room.

Janice had gone to bed, eagerly expectant about the morrow. As Hadley sat here on this evening, he allowed himself the privilege of facing the future, and its promise of happiness. Since his return from Brandon he had found himself looking forward steadily to the hour when Norma Langley would first enter his home. He was not the sort of a man to evade the issue. He knew that he loved Norma Langley, and that he loved her supremely, and he needed her here to make his home and his life complete.

He tried, sometimes, to picture her moving about the rooms of the Manse as she had moved about the parsonage at Brandon,—wholesome, good to look upon, intelligent and in short, in every sense of the word a woman worthy of his love and protection. Nor did he flinch when he considered her as a mother for little

Janice. In every respect this young woman, who had in those few short weeks at Brandon made such a powerful appeal to the best within him, was fitted to become his wife.

He recalled, tonight, a conversation which had taken place between himself and Mrs. Hadley several weeks before her death, when she had known that it would be inevitable and soon. He had been telling her that if she did go, that he would remain true to her memory until death, and that he would never . . . with a little gesture she had interrupted him by laying her hand across his lips.

"Paul," she had pleaded earnestly, and he recalled her words very vividly tonight, "please do not make that statement. I shall not ask you to promise me that you *will* marry again, but there is one thing I do want you to pledge me, Paul,—that if God ever does bring into your life a woman who is worthy of you, and whom you feel you could love and honor, that then you will allow no false sentiment about me to stand in your way. You will get lonely often, Paul, and a good woman would appreciate your love. She would also be good to our little Janice. Will you promise me this, because I ask it of you?"

His eyes wet with tears, he had promised. Tonight he thanked God for the intuition and foresight of that godly wife of his. He knew that she had been right: there had been times when he had grown lonely, and when he needed companionship. And the realization of that need had grown forcibly upon him since his several weeks spent at the home of Franklin Phillips. He realized that his life lacked that which would make it complete. Mrs. Hadley had a place of her own, enshrined in his

heart—no woman living could ever fill that place—but he knew that Norma Langley had found a place distinctly her own. Only once he had found himself wondering what her answer would be, then he dismissed the thought as unworthy of himself. If God intended him to have Norma Langley, He would work it out in His own way.

The Kauffmans lived at "The Poplars," the second big place below the Manse, about ten minutes walk down the hillside, and derived the name from the splendid old Lombardy Poplars that almost surrounded the house. While not the largest of the imposing structures scattered here and there, it was nevertheless a delightful old place, and had been in the Kauffman family for several generations, a generous old homestead, where Hadley felt sure Norma would enjoy her stay. The Kauffmans were among the best known people for miles about the country side.

Glen Kauffman took his wife to the depot next day, with Hadley and Janice in the big touring car, to meet the train which was to bring Norma to Storm Lake. School had commenced again that week, but Janice had pleaded that she might remain at home for several days. And after a conference with Mrs. Ralston, it was decided to grant the child's request. Hadley had his own reasons for permitting the child this privilege. He was desirous that Janice should spend as much time as possible with Norma. It was seldom that the child ever asked to remain away from school, and she was always very prompt about mastering her studies. Hadley noticed the eager impatience of the little feet, as Janice danced up and down on the platform when the train pulled in at the depot.

After the greetings and introductions had taken place, and Janice had been enfolded in one loving embrace, Norma looked at Hadley in rapture.

"Oh, these hills!" she exclaimed. "For the last ten minutes as we came into this part of the country, I could not help repeating that wonderful Psalm, 'I will lift mine eyes unto the hills. Whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord.' And this beautiful, white world!"

It was Norma all over, just as he had seen her so often in the parsonage,—keen and eager, and always full of thanksgiving over one thing or another. As he noticed the look of adoration in the eyes of the child, and saw that she kept close to Norma, Hadley realized that all would be well.

It was after they were in the car, Mrs. Kauffman seated in the rear seat with Norma holding Janice on her lap, that the child looked up suddenly. Hadley was in front with Glen.

"Oh, Miss Langley!" she exclaimed, contentedly, "Daddy was right! He told me he just knew I'd fall in love with you. He said he didn't see how anybody could help it!" Amid the laughter that followed Norma's face went crimson. Dr. Hadley did not speak for a moment, then, without turning around.

"Janice!" he said, very gravely, "Father has often told you not to repeat everything you hear. Little girls sometimes say too much. And now, tell our guest what you have planned for her. I assure you, Miss Langley, that you will have more on your hands than you bargained for when you accepted this invitation. Janice is very keen for skating."

Hadley's steadiness restored Norma's composure instantly. Janice was looking up at her rather anxiously now. "Do you skate, Miss Langley?" she asked. The child's joy was complete when Norma assured her that she loved it above every other sport.

"We'll go to the Lake, then, just as soon as ever we can," she said. "And Mrs. Kauffman will lend you her skates, Miss Langley, if you have none with you." That lady gave the child's hand an affectionate squeeze. With a laugh in which Norma joined, she advised the child to wait until Miss Langley became acquainted before they went skating.

Hadley and Janice were to have evening dinner at the Kauffman home with Miss Langley. They had also sent an invitation to Mrs. Ralston, but she had declined, there was too much to do at the Manse, for they were to have Miss Langley up next day for lunch and supper in the evening.

After the well-prepared dinner, faultlessly served by a trim maid, they gathered in the big drawing room at the Poplars. Mrs. Kauffman had been raised in a home of luxury in the East, and she often declared that she could never live in cramped quarters. Therefore she had a regular drawing room, which they used on special occasions. Norma afterward declared that it did not seem like a drawing-room, because of the immense fire place, one of the largest she had ever seen. The girl realized that she was being entertained in a stately home, unlike anything she had ever enjoyed before. There was such a graciousness in Mrs. Kauffman's manner that she felt thoroughly at home with her from the start.

Later, Mrs. Kauffman confided to Glen her former suspicions, and admitted that they were greatly strength-

ened after the first evening together at the Poplars. She took an immediate liking to the girl: here was a woman worthy of even their beloved pastor, Dr. Hadley.

As they sat together, Norma told them of her visit to her uncle's home. Hadley, of course, was much interested. A new pastor had been secured for her uncle's old pulpit, and the Craigs were leaving the following week.

Her uncle's had been a definite act of faith; not knowing at all where they were to go, they had packed their things, and waited for God to open the way. Almost at the last moment, just a week before Christmas, he had received a call to an Independent Church in the South. And because her aunt had always had a desire to live in the Southland, she had been reconciled to the change, and they had completed their preparations for departure.

As it happened, Dr. Hadley knew something about this church to which the Craigs were going. It was one of the largest of a number of independent churches that was springing up all over the country, and had been in existence for some years, as an independent body. Formerly it had belonged to a certain denomination which was today departing from the faith.

"I am becoming more and more convinced that the time is almost upon us when God will use the independent churches, and when they will be given the place of prominence for the preaching of a free and unfettered gospel," Hadley remarked, as they were discussing the affair. "Pastors who love the truth will refuse to be fettered by denominationalism—too many men have their mouths muzzled. They feel that they must preach what they are told to preach. I'm glad Craig will have such

a free hand. The people of that church are distinctly premillennial and sound."

Then Norma told them of her experience in field work. They were much interested, and Mrs. Kauffman especially sympathetic about Martin's worn-out, tired little wife. But it was Glen Kauffman who asked Norma to let them know if she came across any more such pastors, who were handicapped by lack of funds and books.

"We appreciate our own pastor here in such a way that we often wonder if there are not opportunities for us to show that appreciation by helping folks in the outside world who have not the same privilege we enjoy the year round. Mrs. Kauffman and I will be glad to let you have some money occasionally for use in cases just like this one of the Martins." And Norma assured them that she would remember this offer. There would doubtless be many such opportunities in the future.

The girl was thoroughly conscious every moment of Hadley's presence. He sat at one end of the circle, near the fire that glowed in the grate, half buried in a deep arm chair, Janice curled up in his lap almost asleep while the firelight flickered throughout the big room. It had turned dark early outside—the short wintry days soon came to a close—but Mrs. Kauffman had not yet called for lights.

In this wonderful little circle, thought the girl, how intimate this bit of family life! If her cheeks were warm, it was not to be wondered at, the glow from the firelight might account for that. But Mrs. Kauffman felt sure that the brightness which shone in the girl's eyes was not the reflection from the fire. How thoroughly lovable she was—both Glen and his wife were agreed on that—and how capable and sure of herself.

For a little while they sat in silence, watching the light from the logs die down. It was a happy hour,—one which neither Hadley or Norma ever forgot. Now and then the man stole a look at the girl, sitting there, with her head lying back, her burnished hair tinted by the fire-light. Once only she met that look, then her eyes wandered back to the fire. He himself said very little.

They were to hold the Fundamentals meeting the following evening. Mrs. Kauffman told the girl emphatically that she would not think of allowing her to return home under a week.

“And we may keep you two!” she exclaimed, with a glance in Hadley’s direction. “There will be many invitations from the villagers, I am sure, after they once meet you, Miss Langley. You will find that we are a sociable community here at Storm Lake.”

Hadley finally aroused the sleeping child, and glancing at the clock he exclaimed as he saw the lateness of the hour. Janice, he said, was used to going to bed long before this. There was no opportunity for further talk between Norma and Hadley. They both felt, however, that it would be unnecessary. Janice would come for her in the morning and bring her up to the Manse for lunch.

When the girl was finally alone in one of the luxurious guest chambers, she felt that sleep was impossible. She went to the window and looked out. What a marvelous country, and how near heaven it seemed up here in these eternal hills! She felt as though she should love to get out and walk for miles. There was no moon, but the whiteness of the snow stood out in relief against the sky. Another storm was lurking somewhere in the atmosphere, but Norma hoped that it would not come for

several days. She wanted an opportunity to tramp about the country side, for she had always loved the winter. She threw her window wide, and let in a generous amount of the stinging air. After she closed the window, her cheeks felt less warm.

There was a new, glad song of thanksgiving within her soul. Somehow, after the strain and work of many weeks, she felt that at last she dared look this thing squarely in the face. God had undoubtedly destined for her a great happiness. What did it matter if no words had been spoken, there were times when silence had a far deeper significance. For in the light that had glowed in Paul Hadley's eyes this night there had been revealed the message of this man's heart, and the response within her own had been equally plain.

Norma had been enjoying the afternoon at the Manse. They had scarcely finished lunch, before callers began to arrive at the house, friendly villagers, having a kindly interest in this newcomer. For Paul Hadley always made his parishioners welcome at the Manse. When they took their departure, it was with a unanimous verdict that this young woman from Brandon, representing the Fundamentalist movement, was decidedly all right. And it proved to be the general opinion that was pronounced upon Miss Langley. Hadley bided his time—there was no opportunity for talk alone with Norma, but after this meeting was out of the way, his time would surely come. Mrs. Ralston had done her utmost to make the girl feel at home.

Norma liked the generous roomy old Manse, and she told them at the supper table that she liked the name equally well. Mrs. Ralston explained that Janice had named it, having taken the name from a book.

"Yes, Miss Langley," the child added, "I read about a little boy and girl whose father was a minister, and they lived in a place called the Manse, and I thought that name would just suit this place." And Norma agreed that it did.

Whatever Hadley may have felt, as he realized that across from him sat the girl who had come to mean everything to him, he showed nothing of it in his attitude. Norma devoted herself to Janice, and to conversation with Mrs. Ralston.

That evening the Chapel was crowded. The people of Storm Lake were going to show their interest and appreciation by a splendid attendance. Dr. Hadley had briefly introduced Norma, stating that she needed no help from him in presenting this work which lay so close to her heart. And those who heard her, were rapt in their attention. It was the first time that the girl had had the inspiration of such an audience, intelligent, cultured, sympathetic. Naturally she was at her best, thoroughly at her ease, even before Hadley, who stood for the very highest type of eloquence.

Sure of her subject, she told them of the manner in which she had been led forth into this great work, of her connection with the Fundamentals movement, and how God had laid upon her heart the burden of prevailing conditions. Her visit to her uncle, and the fact that he had accepted the call to an independent church, caused her to stress the fact that the day was not far distant when such churches would arise all over America.

"We love our churches, and we have a right to love them," she said. "But those of us that know the truth will not stand for the tearing down of Bible doctrines that are the only foundation for our salvation. The day is

not far distant when this Fundamentalist movement will be the mightiest force in the world for the defense of the Gospel, and the contention for the faith. Already a great advance has been made, but we are just standing on the threshold of greater opportunities. The work has only begun. It is because its opportunities are so limitless, that I have been giving my life to this cause. I know of no greater movement today. Those of us on the firing line can sense the danger, and therefore the need. They say we fight because we love to fight; not so, but because it is a necessity. It is our privilege and our duty to warn the unsuspecting members of our churches that denominationalism today rests upon the brink of a veritable volcano, and that unless there is a body of people who are willing to break loose, and get back to God, thousands will go to a Christless eternity, unheeding the danger.

“And that is why I believe God is going to use more and more the independent churches. Many pastors today dare not preach the truth in their own denominations, and with the gospel being replaced by educational programs in many of the churches, and the precious doctrines of the Word being scoffed at and denied, what hope is there for the multitudes except through a movement like organized Fundamentalism?”

As she closed, she reminded them that while they were in no such danger in their own church, she wanted to enlist their sympathy and co-operation for other Christians who were in danger.

She realized that here was a strong group of people upon whom they could rely. After she had finished her stirring appeal, they effected an organization immediately, with old John Forbes as local President. When Forbes

came to her, at the close, and after counting the money, wrote her out a check for the amount, the tears came into her eyes as she saw how generous the sum was. She assured him that all save what she needed for her actual expenses would be turned in to the State Treasurer of their organization.

She had been conscious of the expression upon Hadley's face while she had been speaking,—one of love and pride commingled. At the close of the service the people came forward readily to meet this interesting young woman, whose talk had been an inspiration to them. They had thoroughly enjoyed it. Hadley stood back, not very far from her at any time while they surrounded her. He realized that when the time came for him to claim this girl for his own, these people would be as ready to love and welcome her as they had been to receive him when he arrived at Storm Lake.

After lunch, the following day, Janice went to the Poplars to call for Norma. The intense cold of a few days previous had disappeared, and the weather had grown somewhat milder. The promised storm had not come, in fact the storm clouds of the morning had given place to a brilliant sunlight that flooded the earth. Far off, down the hillside, on the frozen waters of the lake, they could see the forms of many skaters. Now and again their shouts rose up, and were carried on the crystal air of that open country.

Janice was in high spirits. At last they were going skating. Glen Kauffman had volunteered to drive them down, but Norma declared that she preferred to walk. As they started out Janice delivered a message to the girl that had been sent to her from the Manse.

"Daddy and Mrs. Ralston both want you up at the house for supper," the child told her, "and of course you'll not refuse, Miss Langley." Even while she assured Janice that she would go, Norma's heart beat faster. She realized fully what this might possibly mean.

From the top of the hill Paul Hadley watched them, through the windows of the Manse, until a bend in the road hid them from sight. This was the child's hour with Norma. His own time would come soon. For in his heart was a resolve that on this night would he tell this girl that in all the world she was the only woman for him.

To Norma and the child every step of the way was a positive delight. The hard packed snow, crunching beneath their feet, the sunlight causing that snow to sparkle like a myriad of diamonds, the wonderful old trees along the roadside, each leaf and twig bent low beneath the weight of frosted ice; it was all like a rare and beautiful painting which the girl longed to preserve forever.

Janice was bundled to her neck in a heavy coat and white furs. The happy little face, peering out from underneath the mass of curls, was to Norma one of the sweetest pictures she had ever seen. A rare child, for any mother heart to love and caress. Again the girl's own heart sang with its new note of joy and happiness.

As they neared the Lake, Norma felt that her eagerness to be out upon the ice was equal to the impatience which Janice showed. It was a number of years since she had had this privilege. By the time they come close to the edge of the Lake, the cold had become rather piercing, for the sunshine of a short time before had disappeared. As soon as they were on the ice, however, Norma realized

that they would not notice the cold. With eager fingers Janice fastened on her skates—my, but wasn't that ice tempting, though! In just a few minutes they were off, the child keeping a tight hold on Miss Langley's hand. Norma realized that for a child Janice skated very well indeed. Back and forth they went across the ice, and Norma soon found that she was as active as she had always been in this, her favorite pastime.

The sun did not come out again, as they had hoped it would, and it seemed to be growing colder. At first the skaters did not realize this. The active exercise sent the blood tingling. Finally Janice looked at Norma coaxingly.

"Let's skate across to the other end of the Lake, Miss Langley," she suggested. "There's the most wonderful little cabin over there in the grove right near the edge of the Lake. I want you to see it. Sometimes Daddy took me there last summer, and we had lunch inside. We played we were a band of pioneers who had been attacked by the Indians. You may not have another chance to see it, you know."

Norma looked at the sky and hesitated. It was getting along into the afternoon, and a great many skaters had commenced to go home. But the little face was pleading, and Norma gave in.

"It won't take us very long, Miss Langley," the child said, as they made directly for a clump of dark woods which stretched along the other shore. "Then after we've been to the cabin we'll skate across the ice and go home to Daddy." Again Norma realized what that going home to Daddy might mean to her.

They were now quite a distance away from the rest of the crowd. Norma glanced back rather anxiously. It

seemed to her that the clouds were hanging much lower. But she quickly helped Janice off with her skates, and took off her own. In a few minutes they were at the deserted cabin. The child showed her one or two favorite places outside before they entered.

They did not remain long in the cabin, but when they came out it had commenced to snow. Having reached the Lake again, and fastened on their skates, they started to cross the now almost deserted stretch of ice. At the far end of the Lake only a few hardy boys remained.

Everything would have been well, however, and they would have crossed the ice before the storm began in earnest, if Janice had not lost her balance. In her haste she let go for a single instant of Norma's hand, and throwing up her arms rather wildly, she went down, pinning her ankle under her. Norma made a quick reach to grasp the child, but it was too late. From the little moan of pain that the child let escape, the girl realized to her dismay that Janice was hurt.

It was a trying situation. For just a moment she stood helpless. Then, as she realized her inability to reach home with the child in her present condition, and knowing that in a few minutes even the boys at the far end of the Lake would be gone, she saw that she must immediately signal to one of them and make them hear.

Raising her hands to her lips she called with all the strength she possessed. Although she was obliged to repeat this call several times, before they realized that she was calling to them, one of the boys finally heard her. Frantically she waved to him, and he understood. In a moment he was skating toward her.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER THE STORM

After she had signalled the boy, Norma immediately turned her attention to the child. Stooping down she raised her carefully in her arms, and sat down on the stump of a tree close by, very carefully lifting the foot that was injured. Janice was making a brave effort not to cry, but when the girl touched her foot, she winced. The snow was coming down faster now. With a sense of dismay she realized that it would be at least a half hour before they could get help back to them. As the boy came up, much concerned, Norma gave him directions rapidly.

“Janice Hadley has evidently sprained her ankle ; please go at once to Glen Kauffman’s store and have him fetch Dr. Hadley and a physician with him. Go as quickly as you can, we will wait in the cabin back there in the grove.” She pointed to the cluster of trees behind her. “Tell Dr. Hadley it is the cabin where he and Janice have had their picnics together,” she called after him. For he was already skating away. Norma realized that he would not lose any time.

As she took off the child’s skates, Janice moaned. Then she unfastened her own. Her feet were getting numb from the increasing cold. The girl knew that she must get to the cabin at once. Speaking just a word to the suffering child, she arose from the stump, forcing herself to use her feet. Janice had closed her eyes and Norma noticed how the child’s lips were compressed, as though she would not add one particle to Miss Langley’s

anxiety. Norma later told Hadley that she had never before seen a child who made such an effort to endure pain silently as did his little daughter.

It was only the briefest stretch to where the cabin stood, but it took all the girl's vitality to force her way in the teeth of the oncoming storm. The wind was rising, and seemed to come from every direction. Every step was an effort. Janice only once opened her eyes. In the midst of her suffering she looked up into Norma's face, and said wistfully:

"I know I'm just an awful load, Miss Langley." Norma, however, could not answer. She battled her way slowly; the snow was coming down so rapidly that she could see hardly two feet ahead of her. It almost blinded her. Finally, however, she saw the cabin looming up darkly before her.

The cabin had no doors or windows, only several openings. With a sense of relief she placed the child gently on the floor. There was one corner of the room where the whirling snow could not enter, and she wanted to make Janice as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Unbuttoning her warm coat instantly, she wrapped the child into it, then carried her to the sheltered corner. Her limbs ached, but she must not sit down, for in order to keep her feet from freezing it would be necessary for her to move around. Under her coat she had worn her sweater, and this she now pulled up over her ears. The cold penetrated through her clothing, however, and her teeth chattered. She asked the child if she were cold, but Janice shook her head. The little pucker in her forehead, however, proved that she suffered acutely. Once the child spoke, as she watched Norma walking about.

"I know this is all my fault, Miss Langley," she said, a sob in her voice. But Norma hushed her tenderly.

She was not the kind of girl to waste time in useless regrets. What had happened could not be altered. She had perhaps been to blame for giving in to the child's request, against her better judgment, but in any event such an accident might have occurred. Hers was a faith sufficiently large to realize that all things worked together for good to those who love God.

Straight from the North, in all of its intensity, came the storm which had been threatening for a week past. Looking out through the openings in the cabin in the direction where the frozen lake lay in the distance, Norma realized now why the village was called Storm Lake. She had never before witnessed the force of such a storm coming over a hill country. Dark and stormy the clouds hung over the valley, while the wind whistled in its untamed fury. In spite of her personal discomfort, the girl's heart was full of awe. She realized that this was Nature in her wildest and most terrible mood. The cabin boards creaked and rattled, as though they would be torn down at any moment. Outside the snow was whirling in its fury. Silently the girl's heart went out to God that He would permit a swift arrival of the rescue party. She walked over once more to where the child lay, enveloped in her coat.

"Daddy will come soon, Janice," she managed to say, through chattering teeth. "He will not let his little girl stay here much longer." And the child nodded drowsily, she was apparently falling into a fitful sleep.

It was nearly dark by this time. Finally, after what seemed to Norma an endless period, she heard something.

Going to the opening she listened—surely above the fury of the storm she heard another noise; was it not the sound of a motor? Norma afterward declared that she had never before in all her experience, heard such sweet music as the whir of Glen Kauffman's car coming down the valley.

The car had not even come to a full stop before Paul Hadley was inside the cabin. In a single instant he took in the situation—Janice wrapped in the girl's coat, and Norma standing in her crimson sweater, her hands and face numb with the cold. He went to Janice, and with a tender movement he enfolded her in his arms, but not before he had stripped off his heavy coat and put it around Norma.

The physician who had accompanied them, at once examined the child's ankle. They had brought with them a torch. After a moment's examination he looked up and nodded encouragingly. The child had struggled to keep back any sound.

"It's all right, Dr. Hadley," he exclaimed to the relief of them all. "We will have this little lady well in a day or so; it's only a wrench, nothing serious. It is too cold to do anything here. We want to get the child home and put her to bed. She needs warmth and rest as much as anything."

Janice suddenly opened her eyes. Looking straight at her father, unmindful of her own suffering for the moment, she said, piteously.

"Oh, Daddy, Miss Langley is not to blame for this! She did not want to come here, but I coaxed her. It was—all—my—fault!" She burst into sobs which shook the slight frame.

Dr. Moore afterward told a number of folks that he had never before seen such a sense of justice manifested by a child. In the midst of her own suffering Janice Hadley could still think of others. And as Paul Hadley quieted his little girl, his eyes were moist.

For just a moment Hadley turned his attention to Norma. With an air of quiet authority he took the coat off the girl's shoulders, and put it on her. Then he helped her into the rear seat of the car. Taking Janice from Dr. Moore, he lifted her carefully into the car, placing her on Norma's lap. It touched Norma more than anything else could have done. He wanted her to mother the child.

Tired, but with an utter sense of rest and satisfaction, the girl lay back in the luxurious car. It was fairly comfortable inside. Even though the storm howled without in all of its madness, she did not care, now. Numb with cold as she was, yet within her heart there glowed a living warmth that not all the wintry elements could chill. She did not want to open her eyes. The past hour had been a trying one, but to ride back thus with Paul Hadley was sufficient compensation. Norma's clasp about the sleeping child grew tighter, this living little bundle lying within her arms had become unspeakably dear to her.

It was just before they ascended the steep hill, that Norma realized, even through the darkness, that Paul Hadley's eyes were upon her. He made a little movement, and the next moment his hand covered hers.

"Norma!" He whispered her name. It was just the single utterance, but her heart responded. She did not answer, but her hand returned the pressure.

With a strong effort Mrs. Ralston had kept back her own anxiety, when word had reached the Manse an hour before, and when the party returned, they found her ready for them. She was a capable woman, always equal to any emergency. Immediately after Hadley had gone, she had commenced her preparations. Going upstairs she moved the child's cot into her own room. As long as Janice needed special care, she should sleep nowhere else but near her. Then, going to the kitchen, she prepared a kettle of hot milk. When the party entered the rooms, they found two splendid fires glowing in the grates, with a generous supply of logs lying at the sides of the fireplaces. Norma felt that she appreciated log fires as she never had before.

Hadley and Dr. Moore immediately followed Mrs. Ralston upstairs, her father carrying Janice. He insisted that Norma stay downstairs, taking the easy chair in front of the fire, in the den. There was no need for her to do anything more; Mrs. Ralston would look after Janice. And the girl obeyed.

They came downstairs after a short time. Kauffman waited in the living room to take the doctor home. As Dr. Moore was getting into his things in the outer hall, Hadley took Glen aside, and nodded in the direction of the den.

"I'd like to have Miss Langley remain here for a little while, Kauffman," he said quietly. Kauffman understood.

"All right, Dr. Hadley. Just telephone for me whenever you want me; don't be in a hurry, on my account," he said. Hadley hesitated just a moment, then he went on.

"I want to have a talk with her, Glen. I suppose you can guess what it is. It means a good deal to me." Instantly the other man extended his hand and placed it upon Hadley's shoulder.

"God bless you, pastor, and best wishes! Mrs. Kauffman and I both realize that Miss Langley is an exceptional girl. We both are glad for this. You will have the heartiest congratulations from every last man and woman who really appreciates your work in this community, and they are many. We all realize that you deserve the very best. And I believe Miss Langley is your equal in every sense of the word."

The pressure of the handclasp that followed proved the strong bond of friendship that existed between these two men.

It was after Mrs. Ralston had given Janice a bowl of hot milk, and had made her comfortable, that she came downstairs to find Norma and Hadley together in the den. She went to the door for just a moment to inform them that in a few moments she would have a hot supper on the table. Lifting his hand, he motioned her to be silent. Utterly exhausted after the strain of the past hour, Norma had fallen asleep before the fire. And when Mrs. Ralston caught the expression in Hadley's eyes, she, like Glen Kauffman, understood. As she busied herself with the supper, her mind grasping his new situation, she realized that it was only another evidence of God's unmistakable leading. She was willing to admit, as Glen had acknowledged, that Norma Langley was the ideal woman for her cousin.

It was after supper, when Mrs. Ralston had returned to the kitchen to clear up things for the night, that they had their hour together. The girl rested and warmed,

after her sleep and hot supper, had gone back into the den, while Hadley went for a moment upstairs to see Janice. When he came down he reported that the child was asleep.

They had much to talk about, but for a while they sat before the firelight in silence, this time not with others, but alone. In this wonderful revelation of love and happiness, which was to be but a foretaste of the days and weeks to come in future years, they were supremely content.

For just a short while they refused to think of the burdens and the work that lay ahead of them. Into the hearts of both of them had come a reverent thanksgiving that God had allowed this great happiness to come to them. It was one of the supreme moments in Norma Langley's life.

The storm still raged without, and they could hear the wind beating stormily against the Manse. Finally, after a long pause, Norma looked up. She had been picturing a wonderful future, her serious eyes watching the dancing flames as they roared up the wide chimney.

"Just as the storm is beating in all its fury outside, Paul," she said, and it was the first time she had used his name, "just so are the critics howling in their futile fury against the Word of God! But even more certain than the security of this Manse to keep steady in the face of the storm, is the certainty that God's Word can never be shaken. And just as the atmosphere has for nearly a week past presaged the coming storm, and we have realized that sooner or later it would come, just so there has been a body of far-sighted believers who have been able to predict and herald the coming of the storm of apostasy that is today sweeping over the churches of

Christendom. The clouds of doubt and skepticism have hung low over the spiritual horizon for many years, but I believe that at last the storm is really upon us in all its intensity. There is a mighty conflict going on—there are those who are trying their hardest to tear down and destroy, but in spite of all these stormy days of apostasy, His unchangeable Word will stand all the assaults of men. The truth of the Book only burns with a brighter glow because of the attacks of men who are merely instruments in the hands of Satan, and who are trying to bring our Bible down to the level of other books!”

Hadley marveled, as he listened. Even this storm which had brought to her an hour of discomfort and pain, held some lesson for this girl, whose insight was so keen when it came to things spiritual. He agreed with her thoroughly, convinced that she had struck the right note. It was indeed a conflict, one which had only just begun. By standing and working together, living and loving and helping each other, their influence would reach far in this battle which was on. After a moment he spoke.

“We need not expect, dearest, that conditions will improve. The more I study God’s Word, and then compare the things which are occurring over the world today with the things that are prophesied in Scripture, the more certain I am that this is the apostasy which has been predicted centuries ago. The falling away of Christians from the truth is only one of the things which is prophesied for the end of this age. But while Fundamentalism will by no means save Denominationalism, still I am convinced that God has allowed this movement to be started, in order that he might preserve unto Himself a people who will be true to the old Book, no matter what it may cost. While we cannot save the denominations,

however, we can reach many individuals within the various religious bodies. Fundamentalism is bound to become the leading factor in the present conflict for the truth. You have grasped the situation and summed it up in one word, when you call it the *Conflict*.

He fell silent, seeing, perhaps, in the flames, about the same vision of the future that Norma saw. His hand holding hers, tightened its pressure. After another brief silence he told her that Forbes had come to him that morning, and had assured him that the folks who had heard Miss Langley at the Chapel the night previous, had greatly enjoyed her talk, and had been keenly interested.

"He thinks your appeal for the independent church has only strengthened the determination of our parishioners here for such a church to be built in Storm Lake in the near future, perhaps within the coming year," he told her.

This suggestion, in regard to the work of the Chapel opened up another thought to Hadley, and again, for the moment, they were concerned only with their future together. Before that evening was over, Hadley had secured the girl's consent to an early spring wedding. She had also consented to remain at Storm Lake another week. For Hadley assured her that Mrs. Kauffman would not let her go at once. She agreed to write to Phillips on the morrow and have him forward any mail that might be at Brandon for her.

Then they talked for a while of the child sleeping upstairs. Hadley told her that he desired nothing better in this life for his little girl than her guiding Christian influence. Mrs. Ralston, they decided, would remain with them after the wedding. It would give Norma

more liberty to attend Bible Conferences with her husband. He assured her that she would always prove to be a source of inspiration to him. And Mrs. Ralston would never feel at home away from Janice.

"My cousin has been a faithful, loyal woman, ever since Mrs. Hadley passed away," he told her. "Her husband died during the Civil War, when they were both young. Ever since we returned to Mrs. Hadley's old home among the hills, my cousin has been devoted to Janice. Many times have I been thankful for this arrangement. It has always been a source of much relief to me to know that when I was obliged to be away, my little girl was well looked after and cared for. And you will still have your work with the Fundamentals Association. I would not allow any household duties to interfere with that special work of yours, as long as God has so definitely led you into it. Mrs. Ralston will save you many hours of detail work and necessary household cares." He told her also of another thought that had been with him for several weeks.

"I have been considering the advisability of eventually having an assistant pastor in connection with my work here. One clergyman I know has this arrangement carried out in his own church, then if he is obliged to be away from his church for an occasional Sunday, his services go right on, with his assistant in charge. I have in mind Kenneth Bascom."

Norma admitted that the idea appealed to her instantly. It would be a splendid opportunity for young Bascom, and would relieve Hadley of much detail work. And when, a little while later, Hadley called up the Kauffman home, and informed Glen that he might come up to the house for Norma, he suggested that he bring Mrs.

Kauffman along. Glen had imparted the news to his wife as soon as he had reached home. When they entered the Manse, and after Mrs. Kauffman had kissed the girl's flushed cheeks, she turned to Hadley.

"I had intended to come up with Glen tonight when he came, even without an invitation!" she informed him. "I know you are both the happiest folks in the world tonight, and I rejoice with you. I don't know, of course, just what plans you have already made for the future, but whatever they are, and whenever you've decided to have the wedding, I'm just going to be selfish enough to insist that it take place at the Poplars. We haven't had a real wedding affair at Storm Lake for some years, and I've spent this entire evening planning the details, so you must not disappoint me. I'm not the least bit surprised. Miss Langley is the only woman I've ever met, Dr. Hadley, who I think is good enough for our pastor!"

And before they left the Manse, Mrs. Kauffman had carried her point. She had secured their consent that the wedding should be at the Poplars.

The next morning Norma wrote first of all to Dr. Craig. During the ten days she had just spent with her uncle, she had come to realize how great was the regard which Dr. Craig had for Paul Hadley. He had told her in detail about Hadley's message at the Forum, and of the bomb of consternation which he had fired into the enemy's camp, showing her also that the far-reaching influence of that memorable day would never die out in the hearts of some of the men who had listened. The girl had been well able to picture the force and the fervor of that Kalona address. Happily she realized what his satisfaction would be when he heard the news she had to tell him.

She closed her letter by stating that she hoped he might be able to come for the wedding, but that they would scarcely expect it, for the distance was considerable. Norma assured him that together she and Paul would visit his new church before a year had gone by. Dr. Hadley would get a car in the spring, and perhaps during the coming summer they would motor south. They were praying that God would bless him abundantly in his new field.

When, about a week later she received her reply from Dr. Craig, expressing his utter surprise and his complete satisfaction, Norma knew that her uncle truly rejoiced in her happiness. In his letter he stated that of all the men he knew, he would prefer Paul Hadley as a husband for his beloved niece. Surely, God had worked in a mysterious and wonderful way. He assured Norma that if possible he would come North for the wedding.

Writing next to Phillips, of this event which had already transformed her life and made the world a new place to live in, she assured him that at the end of the week she would return to Brandon, more ready for work than ever. She requested that her mail be forwarded; she would have time, she assured them, in spite of the demands being made upon her in Storm Lake, to answer any necessary letters.

"For ours is to be a life of work and love together," she concluded. "We have decided that we want you to officiate at the wedding. It will take place at a beautiful home here at Storm Lake, a place called the Poplars."

Lastly she wrote to Helena. When Mrs. Rossiter received that letter she cried over it. Somehow the home had seemed empty and forlorn with Norma away.

Helena immediately wrote a reply. She did not like to think that the day must come when Norma Langley would never come back. She wished her all joy and happiness—surely no girl ever deserved it more than Norma did. It was the last line of her letter, however, that Norma lingered over.

“I know that you will be glad to hear of something I did last week,” she wrote. “It was Loren’s birthday. You’d not be able to guess what I bought for him, so I’ll tell you—a Bible, Norma. I wish you could have seen his face; he kissed me a dozen times. I want you to know that he reads a chapter every night, now, and I listen to him. Of course we still attend our own church. But perhaps reading the Bible together will give a desire for better things, some day. I’m sending you just a little remembrance, Norma dear.”

The remembrance was a large box of choice candies, her gift and Loren’s to both Norma and Dr. Hadley. Gratefully Norma showed Hadley the letter. They saw that God was working slowly but surely in the home of the Rossiters, especially in Helena’s life. It was Mrs. Rossiter’s love for pleasure and good times that made it such a wrench for her to let go.

Hadley came down to the Poplars the afternoon following the storm. Not a trace of the fury and wildness of the night before remained, except in the added blanket of whiteness which covered the earth. The brilliant sunshine of the afternoon was intense. Hadley reported that Janice was doing very nicely, that her ankle only pained her at times. She was asking for Norma. They had just finished lunch at the Poplars. As the girl went to put on her wraps, Mrs. Kauffman seized the opportunity and turned to Hadley.

"Glen and I want to give a surprise dinner for Norma tomorrow night, and invite in just a small company of friends," she said. "It is nothing formal, but Glen would like to have a number of our people here meet Norma. We want you to keep her at the Manse tomorrow afternoon until evening." Hadley assured her that he did not consider this would be a difficult task.

It was that afternoon, as they walked back up the hill together, that Norma told Hadley about Henry Vonnell and Alice Jordan. Hadley shook his head.

"They will surely make a most determined fight against Phillips and what he stands for," he remarked. "I realize that it is going to be pretty hard for Phillips to give up his assistant. It is too bad that my gain should have to be his loss. I learned to think a lot of that splendid fellow while I was in Brandon."

Again Norma showed the beautiful simplicity of her faith and trust in God. "I shall never fail to thank God for the marvelous manner in which He has led me this past year," she replied. "One of my favorite verses for many years has been, 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.' While my association with both Franklin and Irene Phillips has been a very blessed one, and while I have loved my work in the parsonage, still I believe that God will raise up others who will be able to help in this great work, just as He led me to Mr. Phillips when he needed me most. Scattered here and there throughout this state and others, there are men and women who will enlist, at the right moment, when the need is greatest. Such is my faith." And Hadley knew that she spoke the truth.

In the long letter which the girl received next morning from Franklin Phillips, he expressed the same

thought that Norma had suggested—that even though he would miss her very much in the work, God would, in His own good Providence, raise up another.

“I don’t expect that we shall ever be fortunate enough to secure another assistant like you. Irene says there is only one Norma Langley, and I know that is true, but I did not suppose we would be able to keep you forever. I only rejoice that during your time with us in Brandon, God so wonderfully brought you out into a large place of service, and that your work can continue even after you become Mrs. Hadley. Remind Dr. Hadley for me that I suggested the idea of your eventually leaving the parsonage for a home and life of your own, although he was not in the calculation at the time. But to both of you, Miss Langley, Irene and I extend our very best wishes for a wonderful future together. Dr. Hadley is a man of whom any woman could well be proud.”

It was an informal gathering of Paul Hadley’s closest friends, men and women who had stood loyally by the Chapel since its earliest days, who met at the Poplars the following evening for the dinner planned by Mrs. Kauffman. Norma had spent the afternoon with Janice and her father. The child had been brought downstairs after lunch. Her happiness knew no bounds when she learned that after a few months Norma would live with them at the Manse. She joyously informed Norma that “some good times were always coming to them since they lived in the Manse.” As Hadley looked over at Norma, steadily, there was a light in his eyes. He fully agreed with his little daughter’s statement.

Glen Kauffman made the announcement that evening, just before dinner was brought in—their pastor had

asked Norma Langley to become his wife. They might expect invitations to a spring wedding at the Poplars.

As they sat at the long table, with its splendid appointments, the shaded lights suggesting the comforts and refinements of a thoroughly enjoyable home, Norma Langley realized that God had led her out into a wonderful experience. The wholesome Christian atmosphere that pervaded the home, the gracious kindness of these people whom she had met but so recently, all had their effect upon the girl. The long evening which followed was one which they never forgot. She began to realize something of the love and respect which these people had for Paul Hadley, their pastor. And as they welcomed her among them, Norma knew that she had found her highest place of service. As the wife of this man, her whole life would be complete. And the light in Hadley's eyes was all she cared to see.

DOCTRINAL STATEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALS ASSOCIATION

I. We believe in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as verbally inspired of God, and inerrant in the original writings, and that they are of supreme and final authority in faith and life.

II. We believe in one God, eternally existing in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

III. We believe that Jesus Christ was begotten by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man.

IV. We believe that man, was created in the image of God, that he sinned and thereby incurred not only physical death but also that spiritual death which is separation from God; and that all human beings are born with a sinful nature, and in the case of those who reach moral responsibility, become sinners in thought, word and deed.

V. We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures as a representative and substitutionary sacrifice; and that all that believe in Him are justified on the ground of His shed blood.

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